

R. GOSCINNY **Asterix** A. UDERZO

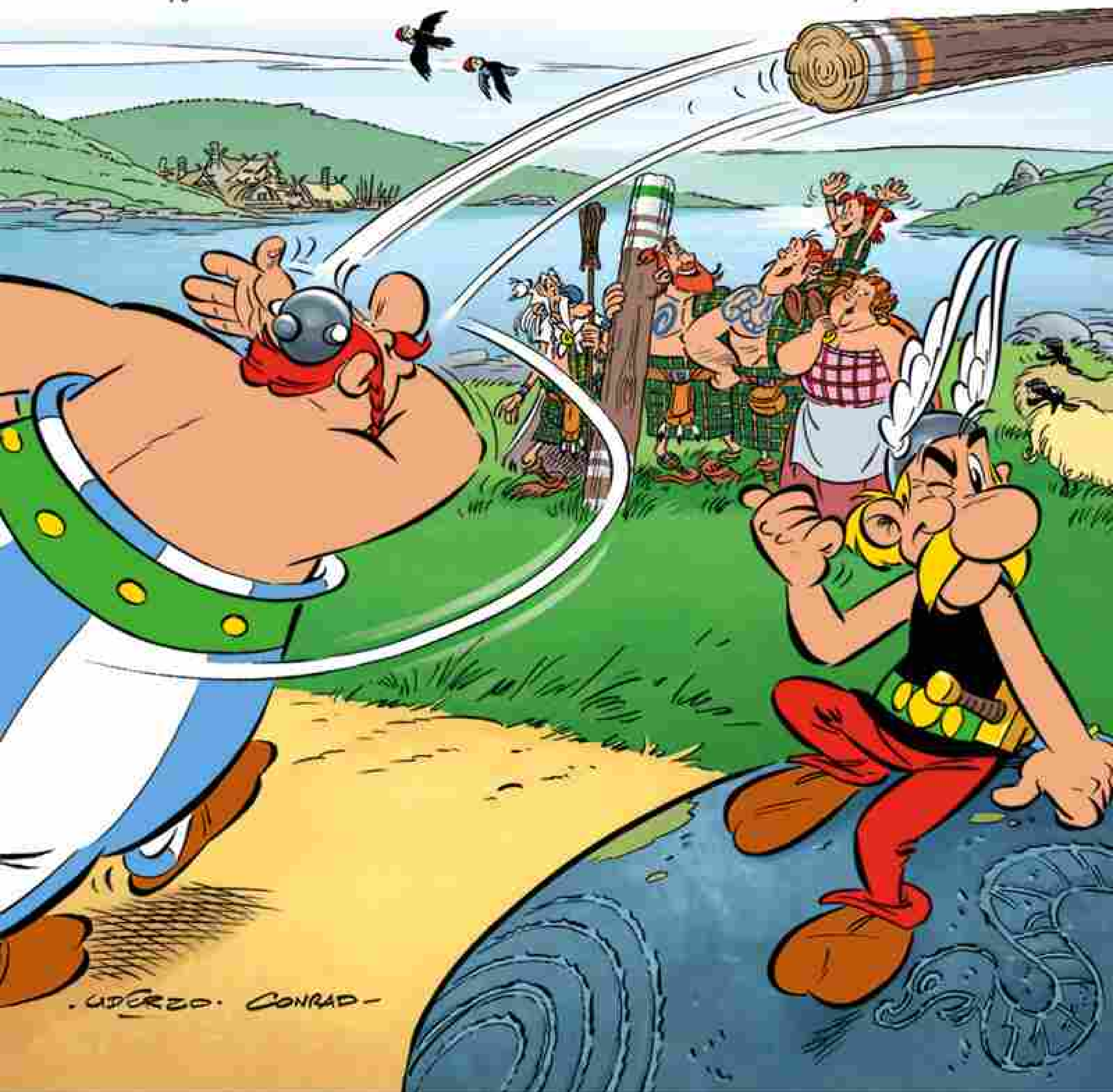
Asterix

AND
THE

Picts

Written by Jean-Yves FERRI

Illustrated by Didier CONRAD



GOSCINNY AND UDERZO

PRESENT

An Asterix Adventure

ASTERIX AND THE PICTS

Written by JEAN-YVES FERRI

Illustrated by DIDIER CONRAD

Translated by ANTHEA BELL



Colour by THIERRY MÉBARKI, MURIELLE LEROI, RAPHAËL DELERUE



Congratulations to Jean-Yves Ferri and Didier Conrad for having the courage and talent to write and draw this new Asterix album. Thanks to them, the Gaulish village created with my friend René Goscinny can go on having new adventures to delight readers of the series.

Albert Uderzo

The memory of René Goscinny is never far away when Asterix is being brought to life. Until the present, the huge talent of Albert Uderzo has worked to preserve it. Today, now that Albert has watched over the production of the first album on which the original creators did not work, I like to think that my father would be proud of the authors to whom we have entrusted the famous little Gaul – as proud and happy as I am.

Anne Goscinny

AN ORION CHILDREN'S EBOOK

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THE YEAR IS 50 BC. GAUL IS ENTIRELY OCCUPIED BY THE ROMANS. WELL, NOT ENTIRELY ... ONE SMALL VILLAGE OF INDOMITABLE GAULS STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS. AND LIFE IS NOT EASY FOR THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES WHO GARRISON THE FORTIFIED CAMPS OF TOTORUM, AQUARIUM, LAUDANUM AND COMPENDIUM ...



ASTERIX, THE HERO OF THESE ADVENTURES. A SHREWD, CUNNING LITTLE WARRIOR, ALL PERILOUS MISSIONS ARE IMMEDIATELY ENTRUSTED TO HIM. ASTERIX GETS HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH FROM THE MAGIC POTION BREWED BY THE DRUID GETAFIX . . .



OBELIX, ASTERIX'S INSEPARABLE FRIEND. A MENHIR DELIVERY MAN BY TRADE, ADDICTED TO WILD BOAR. OBELIX IS ALWAYS READY TO DROP EVERYTHING AND GO OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE WITH ASTERIX - SO LONG AS THERE'S WILD BOAR TO EAT, AND PLENTY OF FIGHTING. HIS CONSTANT COMPANION IS DOGMATIX, THE ONLY KNOWN CANINE ECOLOGIST, WHO HOWLS WITH DESPAIR WHEN A TREE IS CUT DOWN.



GETAFIX, THE VENERABLE VILLAGE DRUID, GATHERS MISTLETOE AND BREWS MAGIC POTIONS. HIS SPECIALITY IS THE POTION WHICH GIVES THE DRINKER SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. BUT GETAFIX ALSO HAS OTHER RECIPES UP HIS SLEEVE . . .



CACOPONIX, THE BARD. OPINION IS DIVIDED AS TO HIS MUSICAL GIFTS. CACOPONIX THINKS HE'S A GENIUS. EVERYONE ELSE THINKS HE'S UNSPEAKABLE. BUT SO LONG AS HE DOESN'T SPEAK, LET ALONE SING, EVERYBODY LIKES HIM . . .



FINALLY, VITALSTATISTIX, THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE. MAJESTIC, BRAVE AND HOT-TEMPERED, THE OLD WARRIOR IS RESPECTED BY HIS MEN AND FEARED BY HIS ENEMIES. VITALSTATISTIX HIMSELF HAS ONLY ONE FEAR, HE IS AFRAID THE SKY MAY FALL ON HIS HEAD TOMORROW. BUT AS HE ALWAYS SAYS, TOMORROW NEVER COMES.

OCCASIONALLY THE PLEASANT CLIMATE OF ARMORICA GAVE WAY TO THE STORMY WEATHER OF A HARD WINTER... IT SO HAPPENS THAT THIS MORNING, AFTER SEVERAL COLD DAYS, A PALE SUN COMES OUT AT LAST TO WARM THE LITTLE VILLAGE THAT WE KNOW SO WELL...

FRESH FiSH!

BUY MY NICE FRESH FISH!

UNHYGIENIX

HUH!

FRESH, IS IT? TELL US ANOTHER!

HI, GERIATRIX! STILL A BIT NIPPY, EH?

OI! HERE'S CAESAR'S HEAD!

THAT WAS NOTHING TO SPEAK OF!
I'VE SEEN WORSE!

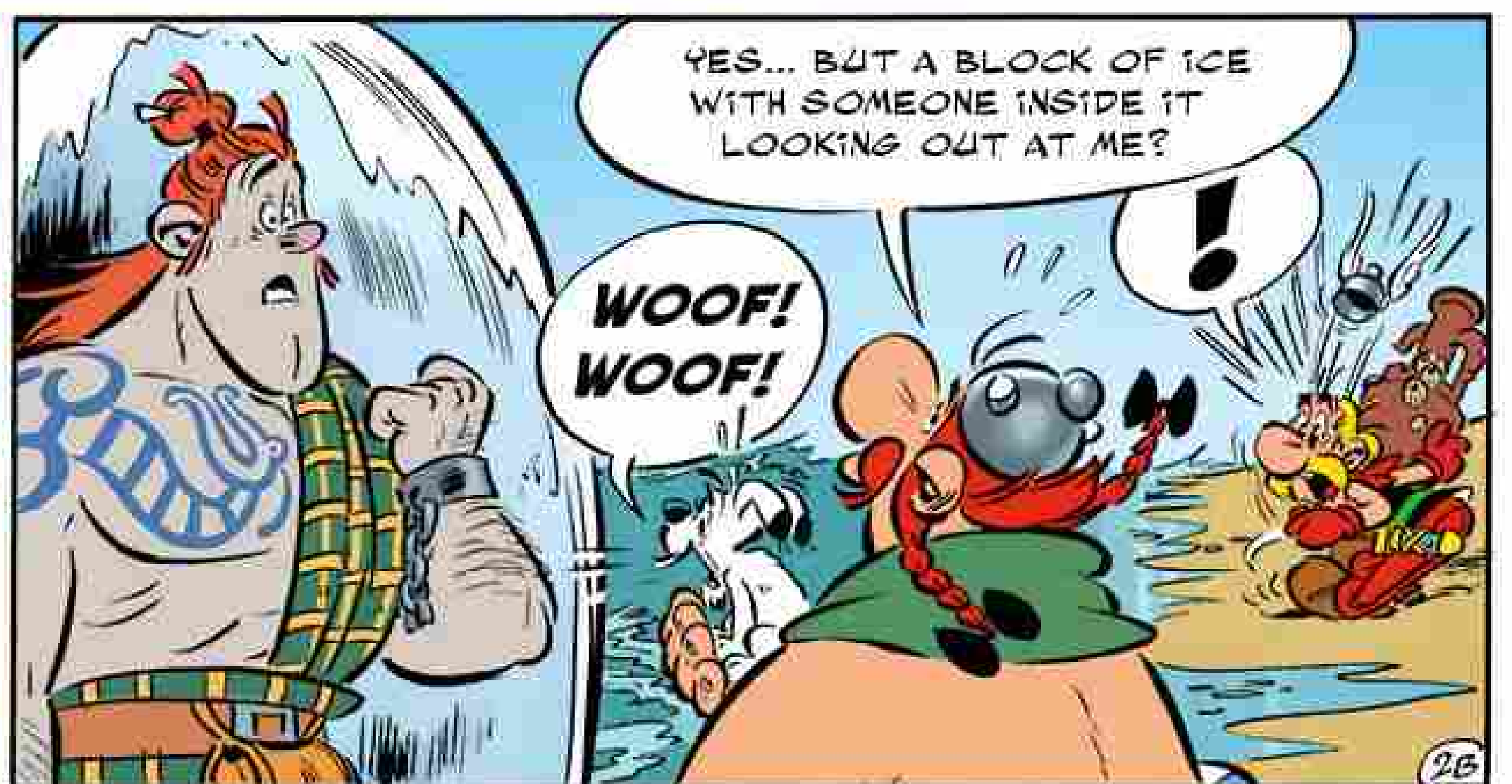
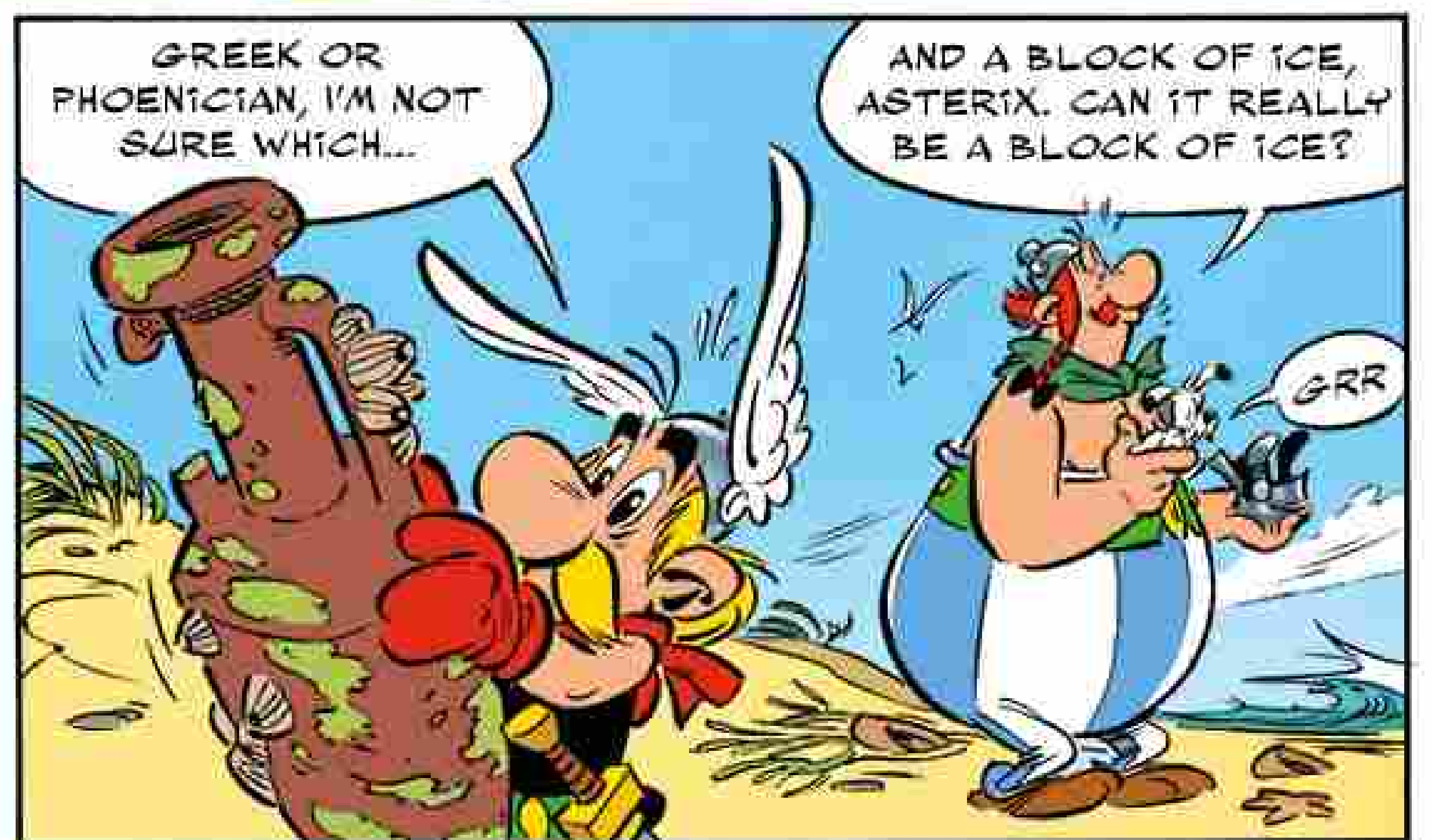
IN THE YEAR 50 BV (BEFORE VITAL-STATISTIX), IT WAS SO COLD THAT THE SEA FROZE OVER! SEAGULLS CRASH-LANDED ON THE WAVES!

GERIATRIX, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT IN THIS WEATHER? YOU KNOW YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH!

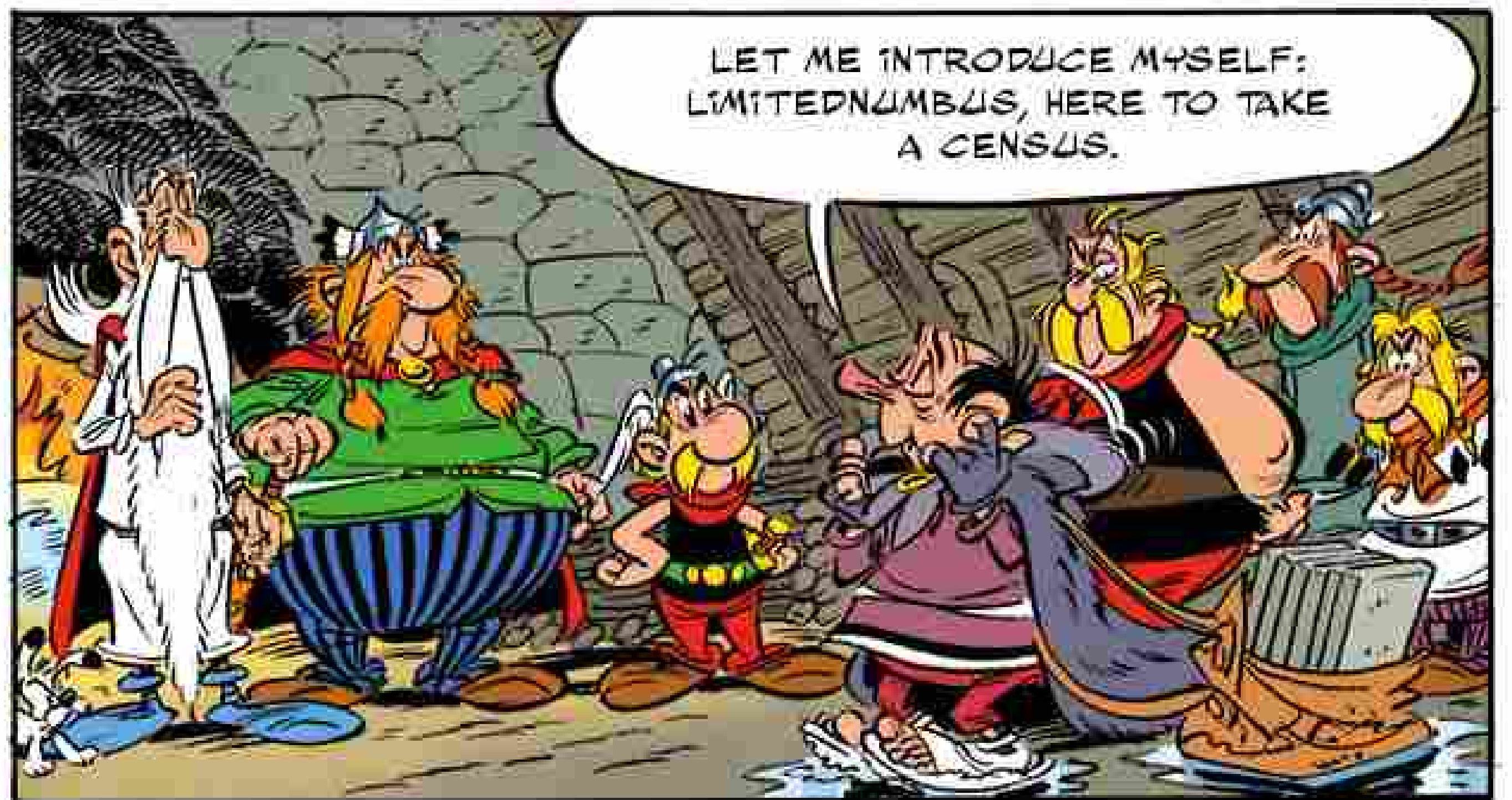
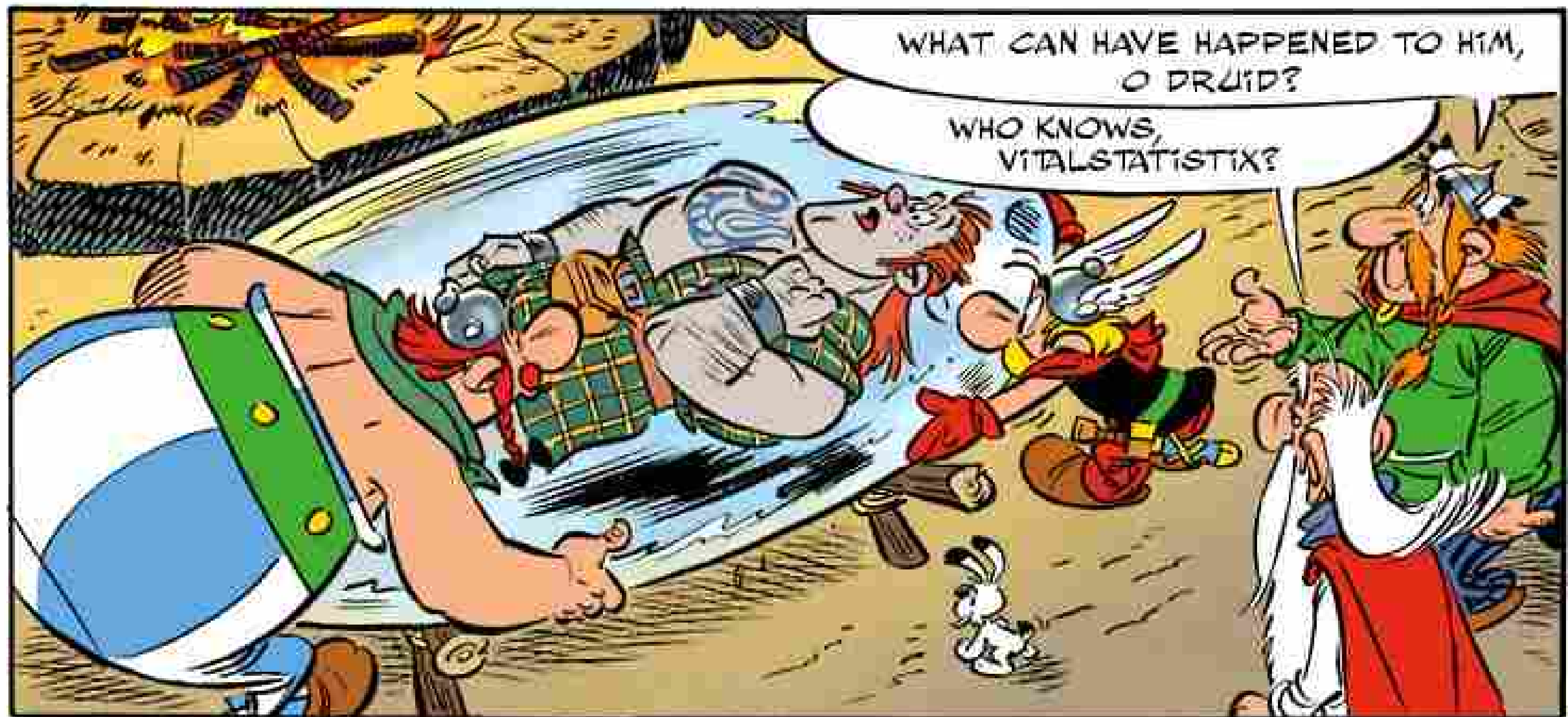
...FROZEN SEA MONSTERS CAME UP FROM THE SEA!

WE PUSHED THEM BACK WITH STALACTITES.

POOR OLD GERIATRIX! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN INCLINED TO RAMBLE ON.

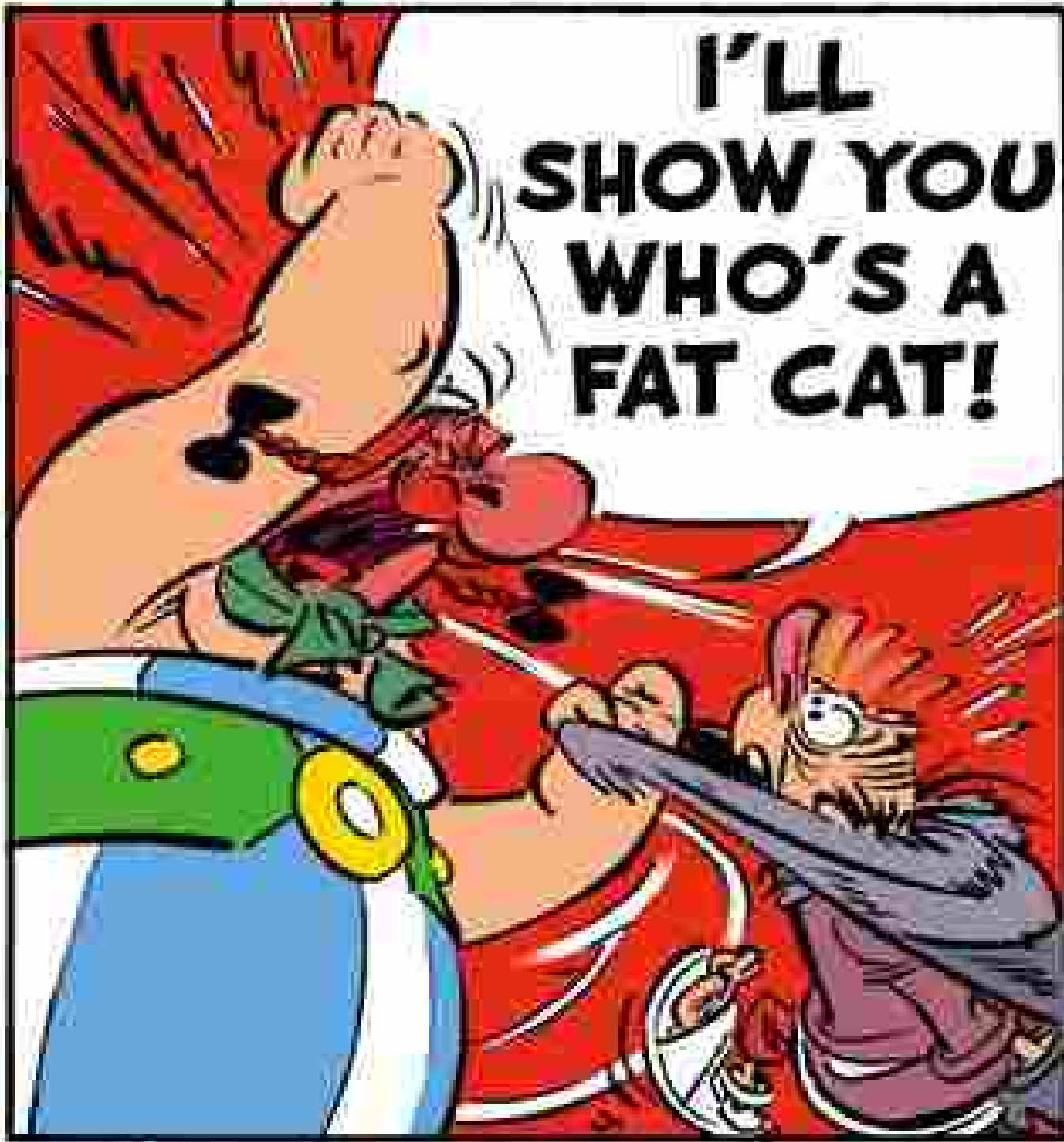








BUT DON'T WORRY! THIS IS A PURELY ADMINISTRATIVE INQUIRY. ITS SOLE AIM IS TO SLIM DOWN THE FAT CATS AMONG THE LOCAL...



I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S A FAT CAT!



STOP IT, OBELIX! THIS LITTLE CLERK IS ONLY OBEYING ORDERS.

I CAN CONFIIIRM THAT!

ANYWAY, I'M FAMOUS FOR MY LACK OF INITIATIVE!



RIGHT, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CENSUS, ROMAN, BUT GET ON WITH IT QUICKLY AND BE DISCREET.

YOUR (GULP) REQUEST HAS BEEN RECORDED.



NOW, EVERYONE OUT, AND LET'S LEAVE OUR DRUID TO WATCH OVER THE CASTAWAY.



NO, NO! I'M GOING HOME ON FOOT. TOO MUCH BLACK ICE ABOUT!

ARE YOU SURE YOU WOULDN'T RATHER STAY IN A GROUP TO HAVE THE CENSUS TAKEN?

YOU JUST WAIT, THEY'LL COME IN THEIR THOUSANDS, ALL IN BLOCKS OF ICE!

CALM DOWN, GERI-ATRIX POPPET!



POOR BOY! SO YOUNG! I DO HOPE HE GETS OVER IT!

AND SO ELEGANT! DID YOU SEE THOSE TRENDY TATTOOS?

AND THAT EXOTIC LITTLE KILT!

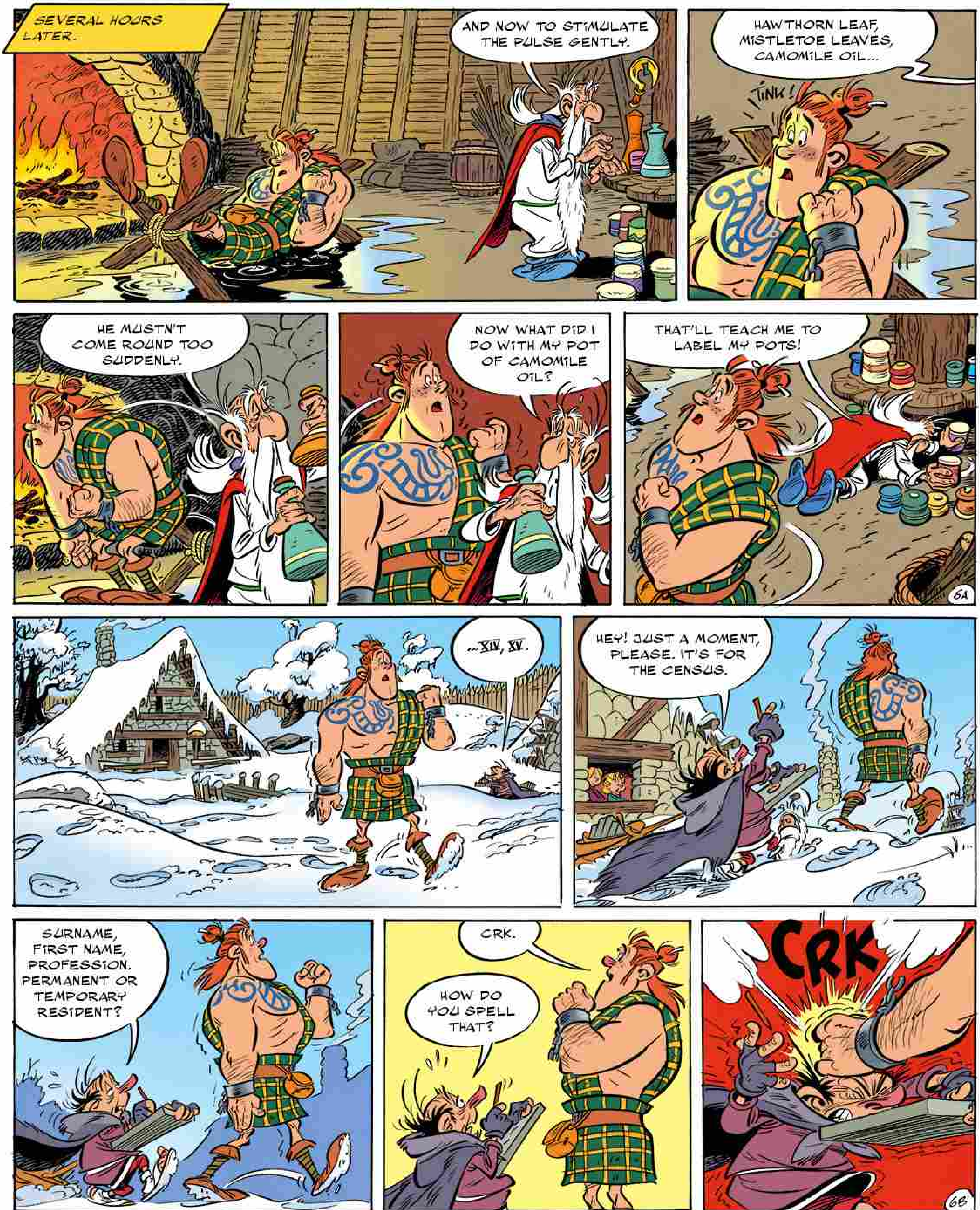


I MUST SAY, IT'S A CHANGE FROM OUR OAFISH GAULISH MENFOLK WITH THEIR BIG CONKS!

TEEHEEHEE! YOU'RE RIGHT, BACTERIA.

PFFR!









NEVER MIND THE DETAILS OF YOUR DESPERATE BATTLES AGAINST THE ROMANS, O PICT!



FROM NOW ON OUR HOME IS YOURS! LET ME TELL YOU, TO US GAULS THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM REALLY MEANS SOMETHING!



HUH! YOU AND YOUR FINE SPEECHES!



CAN'T YOU SEE IN HIS EYES THAT HE'S TELLING US A TRAGIC LOVE STORY?



SHOW US WHAT YOU'RE HIDING IN YOUR LITTLE CLENCHED FIST, O PICT!



OOOOH! IMPEDIMENTA IS RIGHT!

A GOLD RING!

IS THAT PART OF THE MIME?



OH, HOW LOVELY! OH, HOW SWEET!

A REAL NORDIC SAGA!



MAYBE, BUT WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH MUSHROOMS?



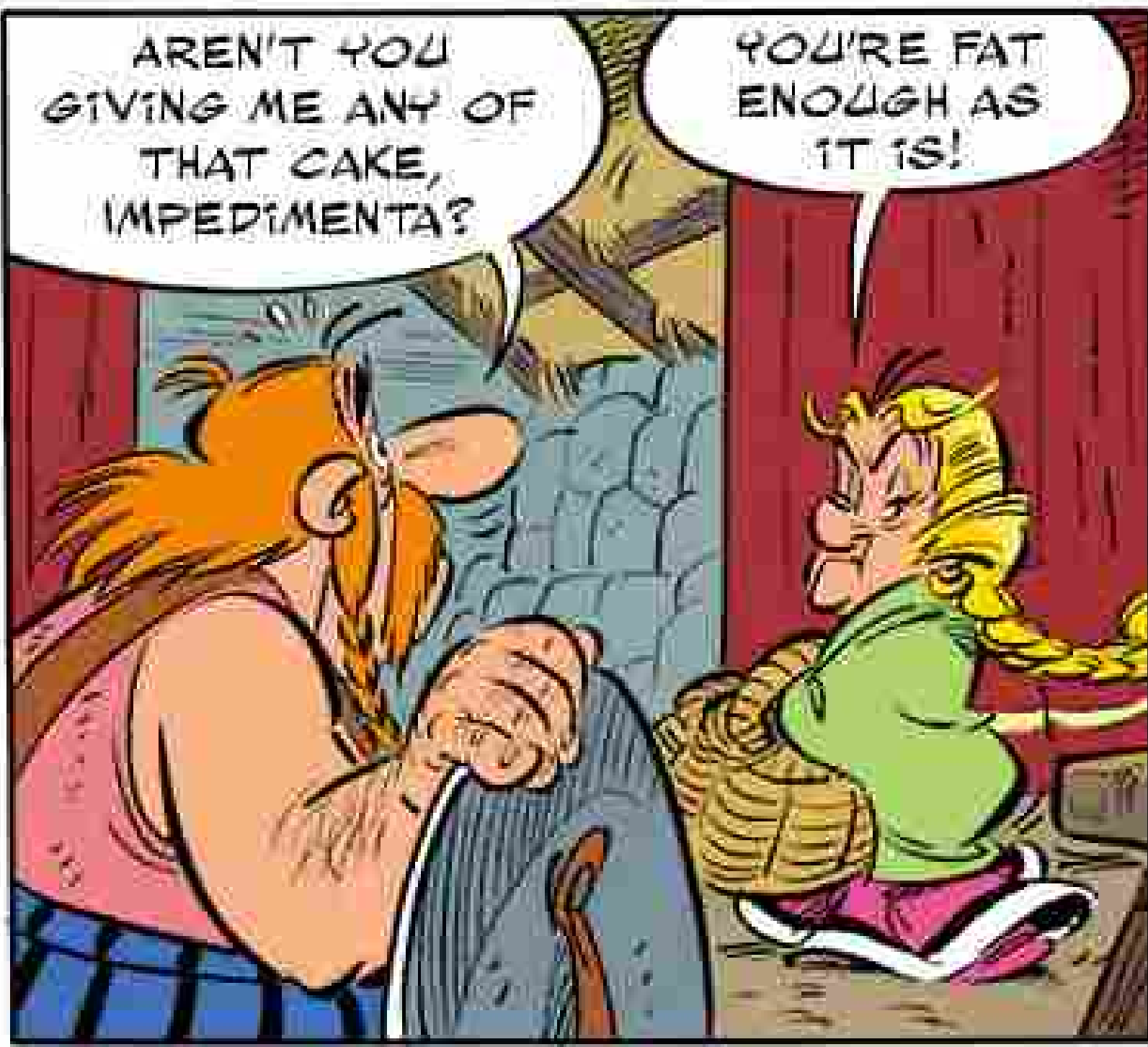
WATCH OUT! HE'S FREEZING UP AGAIN!

QUICK, TAKE HIM TO THE DRUID!

NO! STAY IN A GROUP! BUT... BUT WHAT ABOUT MY SPEECH?



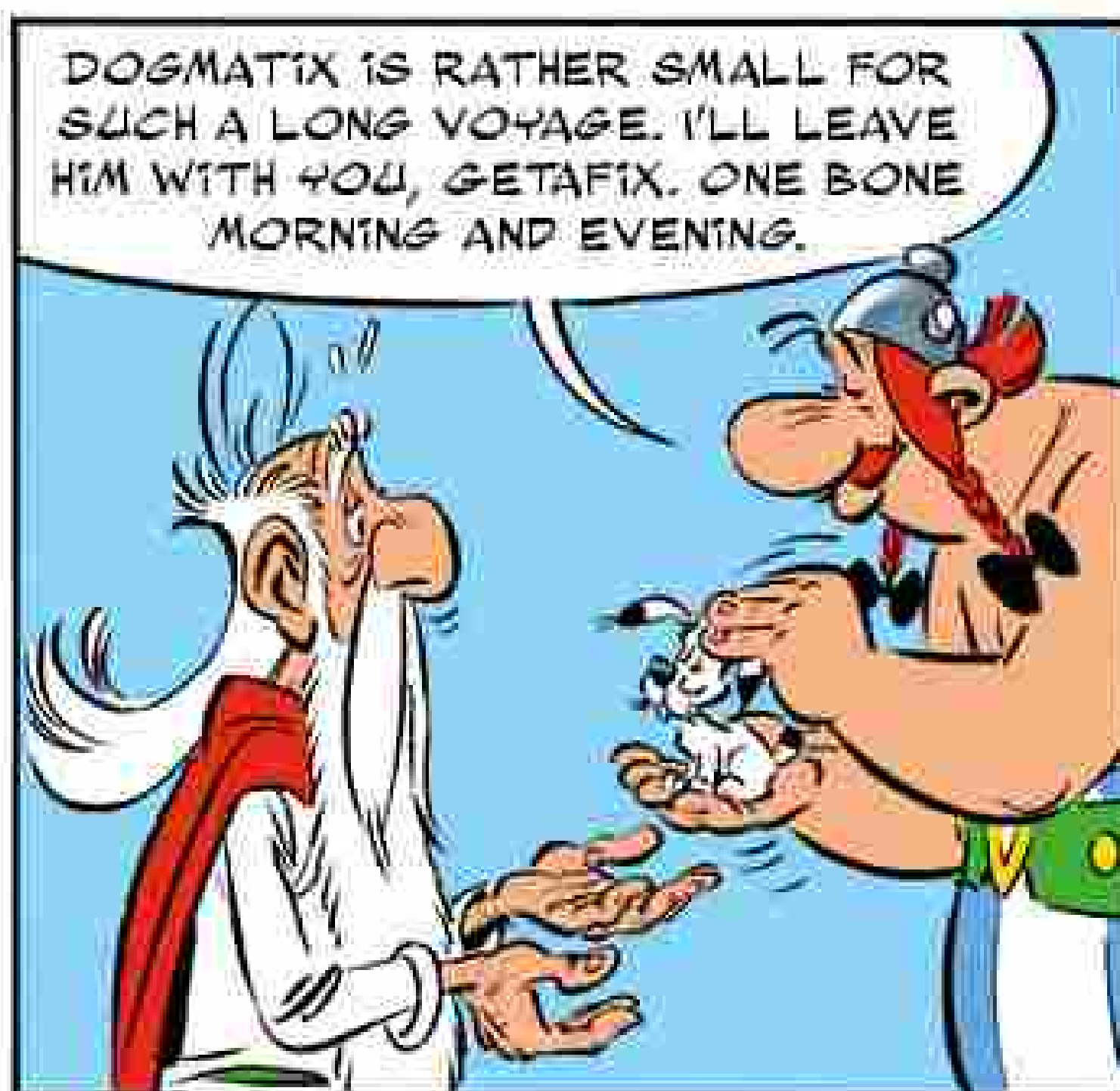
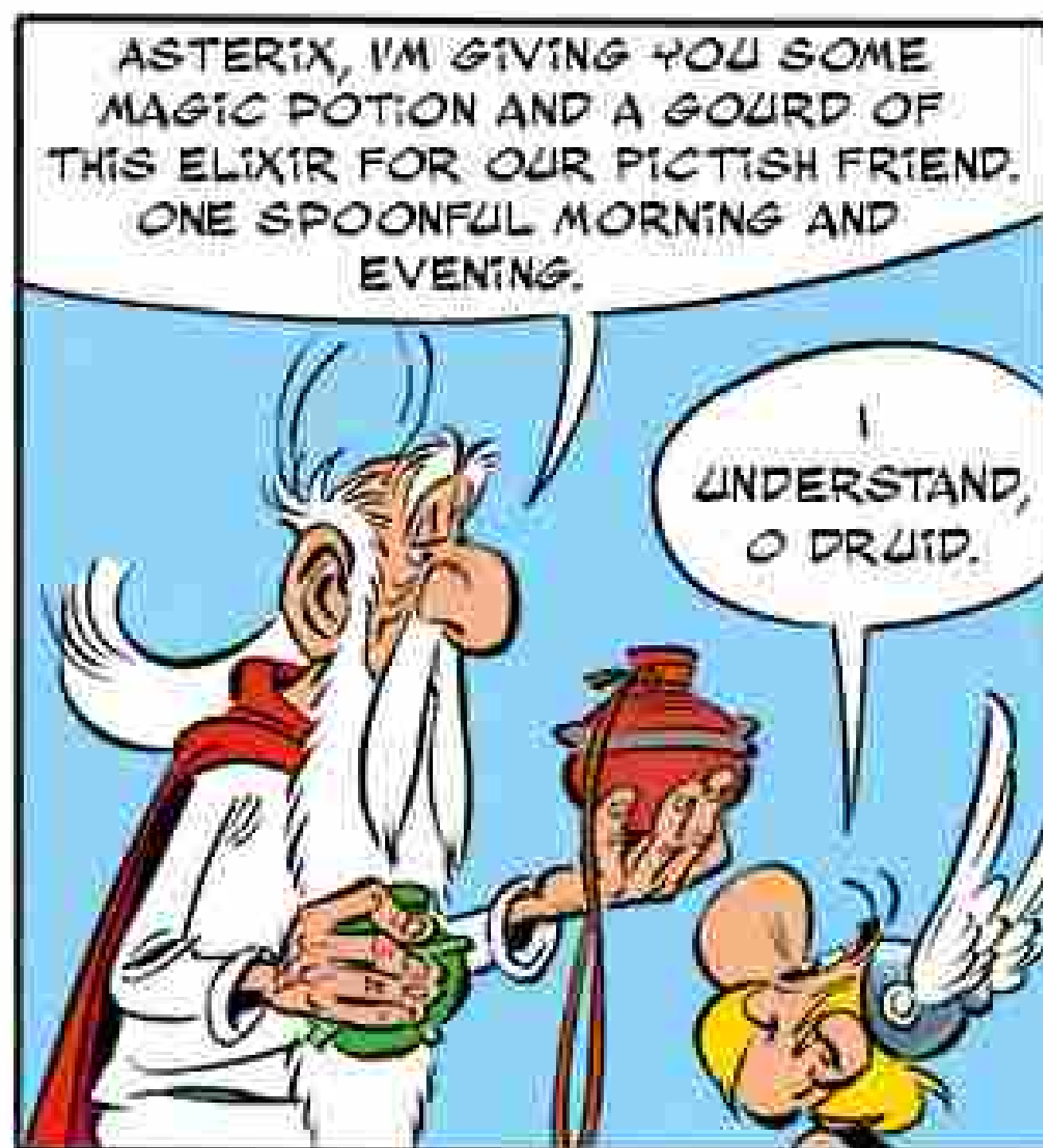
WE'VE FOUND HIM, GETA-FIX! YOU DON'T SAY! I WAS SURE IT WAS OVER THERE.

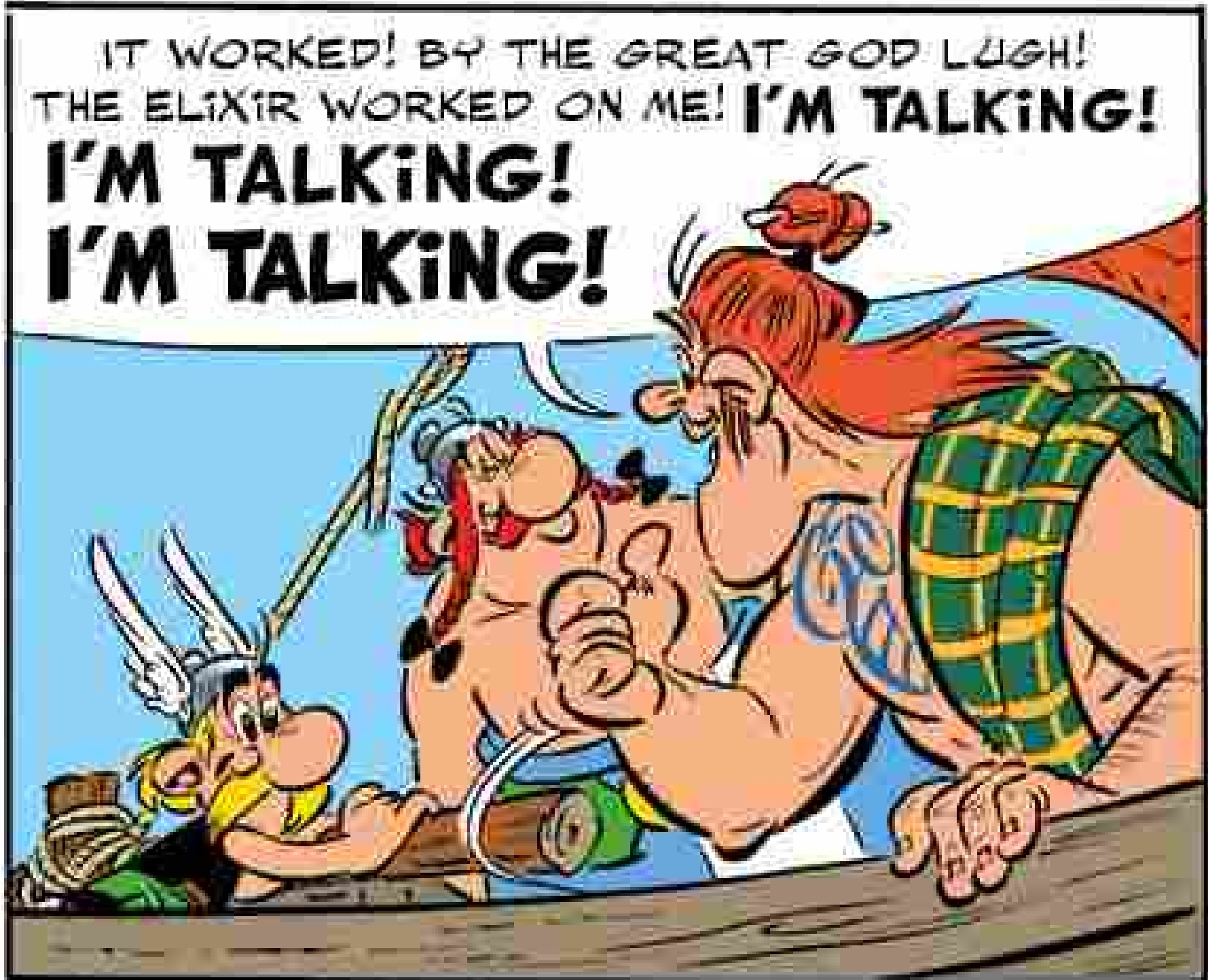
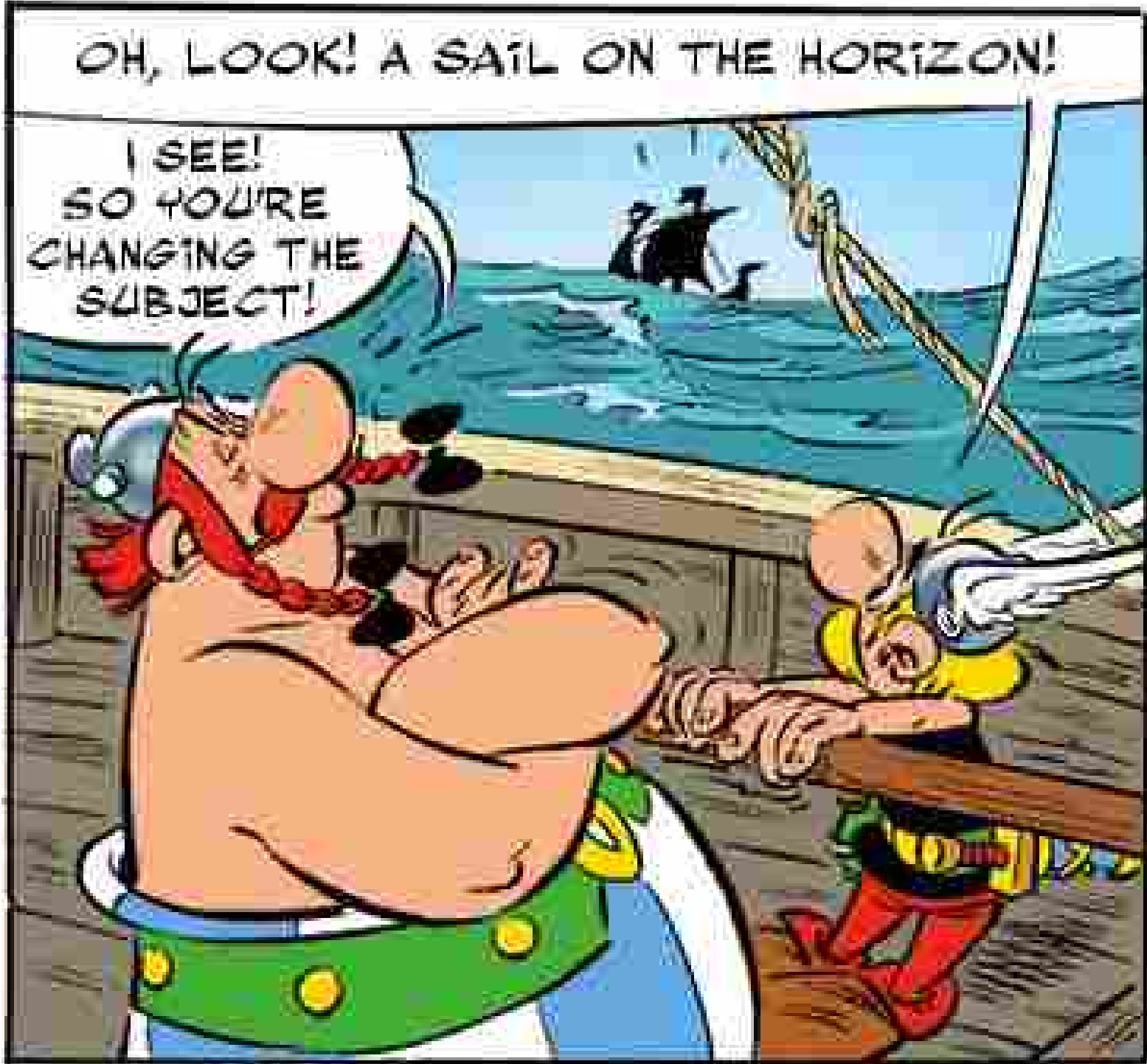














I WAS LEADING A PEACEFUL LIFE WITH MY CLAN, NEAR THE CLEAR WATERS OF LOCH ANDROLL...



...WHEN I FELL INTO AN AMBUSH SET BY THE ODIOUS MACCA-BAEUS.

MACCA-BAEUS?



THE CHIEFTAIN OF THE MACCABEES CLAN ON THE OPPOSITE BANK. HE HAD ME TIED TO A TREE TRUNK AND THROWN INTO THE WATER. IT'S CALLED TOSSING THE CABER.



WHY DID HE DO THAT, O PICT?

THAT WRETCH WANTED CAMOMILLA, THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF OUR LATE KING THE GOOD MAC II, FOR HIMSELF!



CAMOMILLA, MY LOVELY FIANCEE, WHOSE DIAPHANOUS BEAUTY MAKES THE SPARKLING WATERS OF THE LOCH LOOK MURKY...



EEEURGH!!

'SCUSE ME, BUT SOPPY LOVE STORIES CHURN ME UP!



LISTEN, I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ALL THAT! COULD YOU BEGIN AGAIN AT THE BEGINNING, COUSIN?



PERSONALLY I'D RATHER HAVE A QUICK SUMMARY, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU...



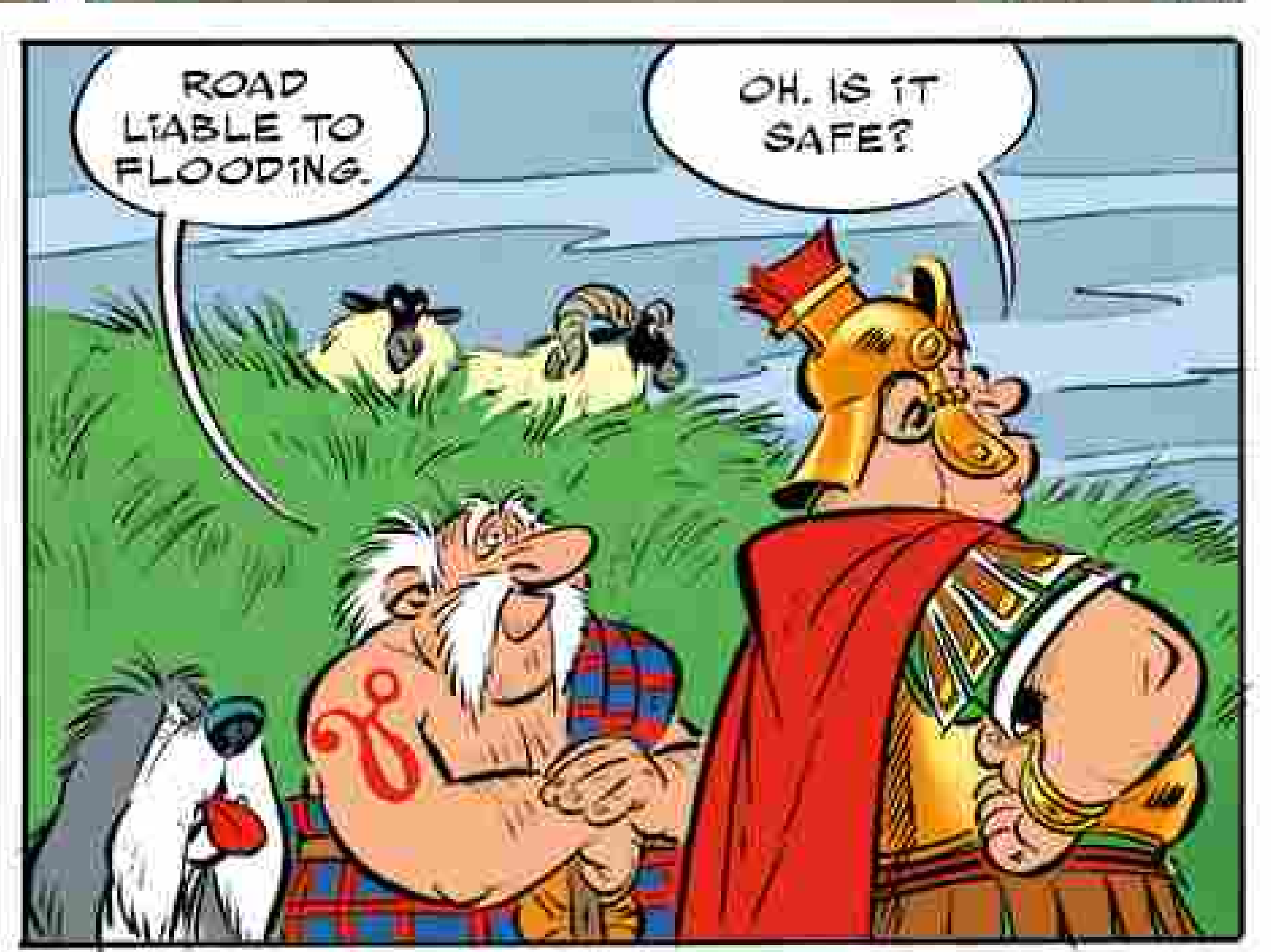
AND THE CROSSING CONTINUES...

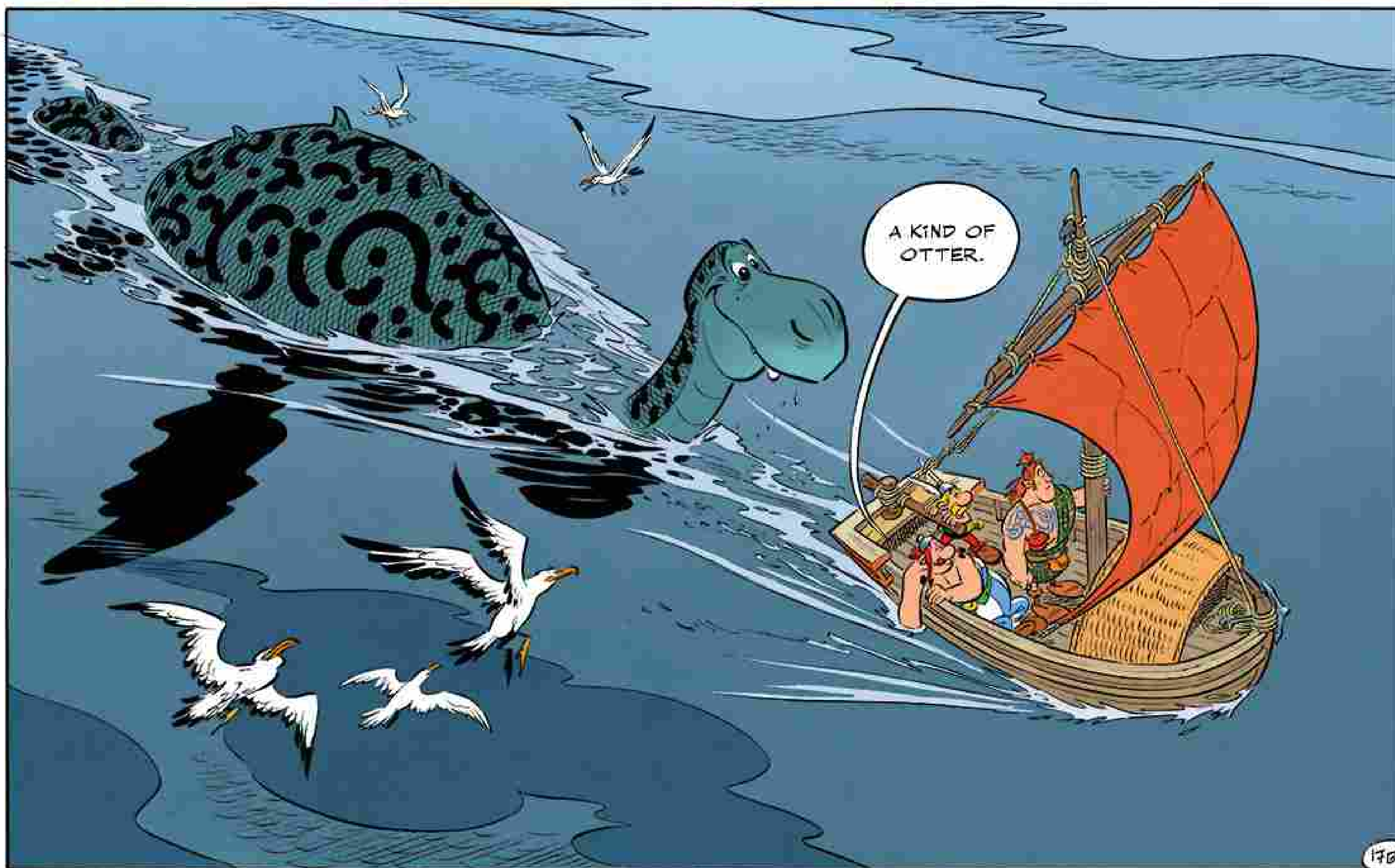
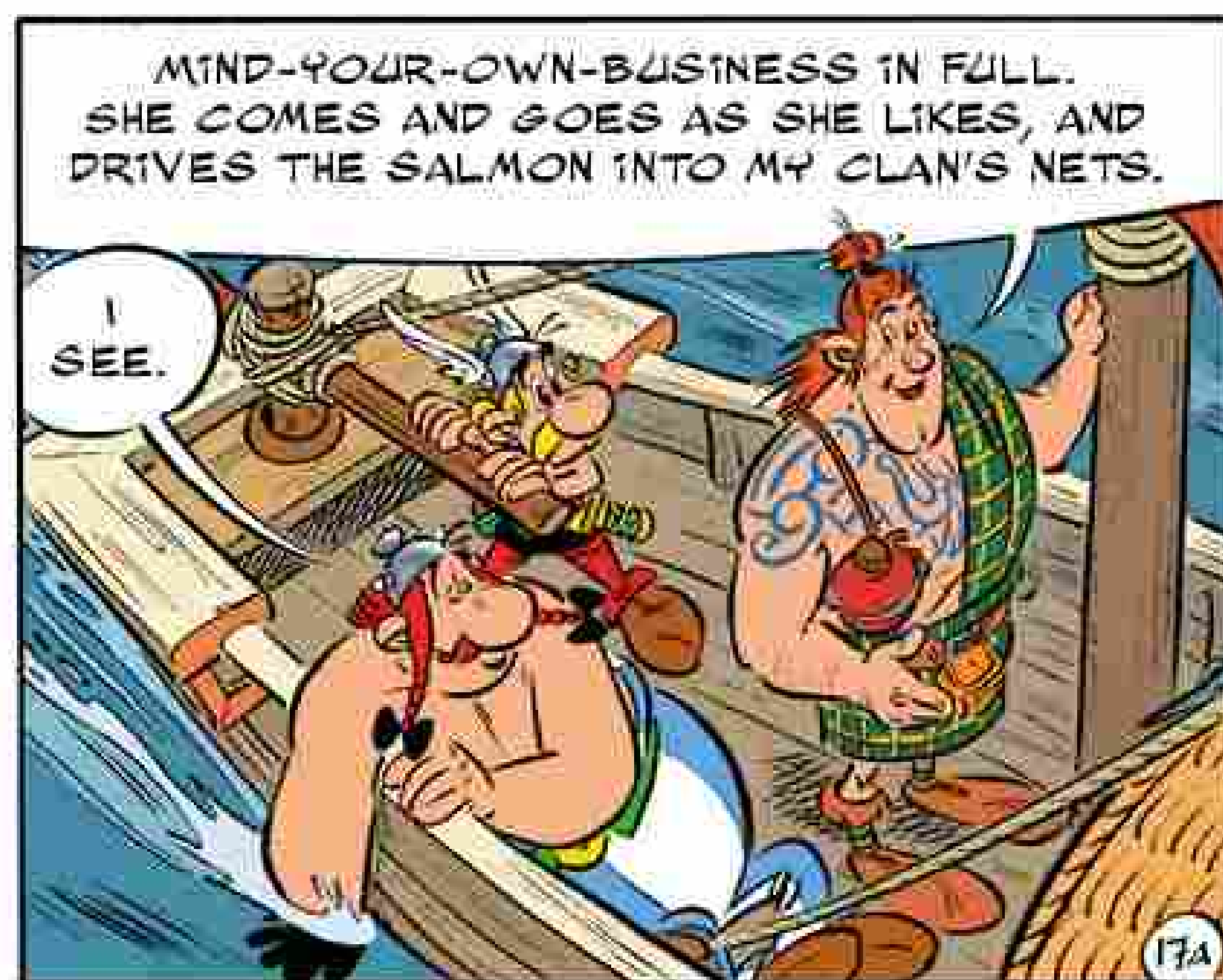
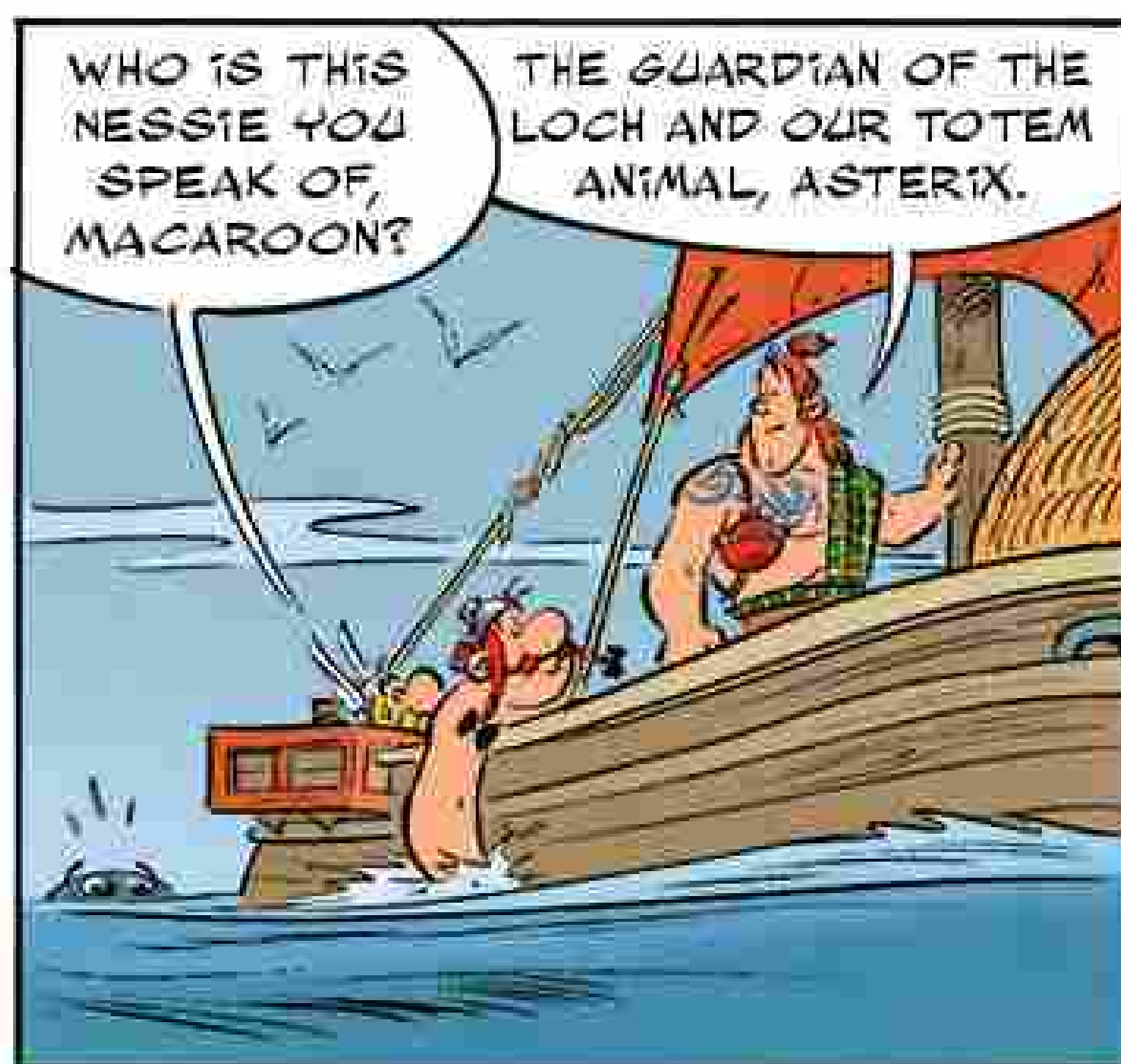
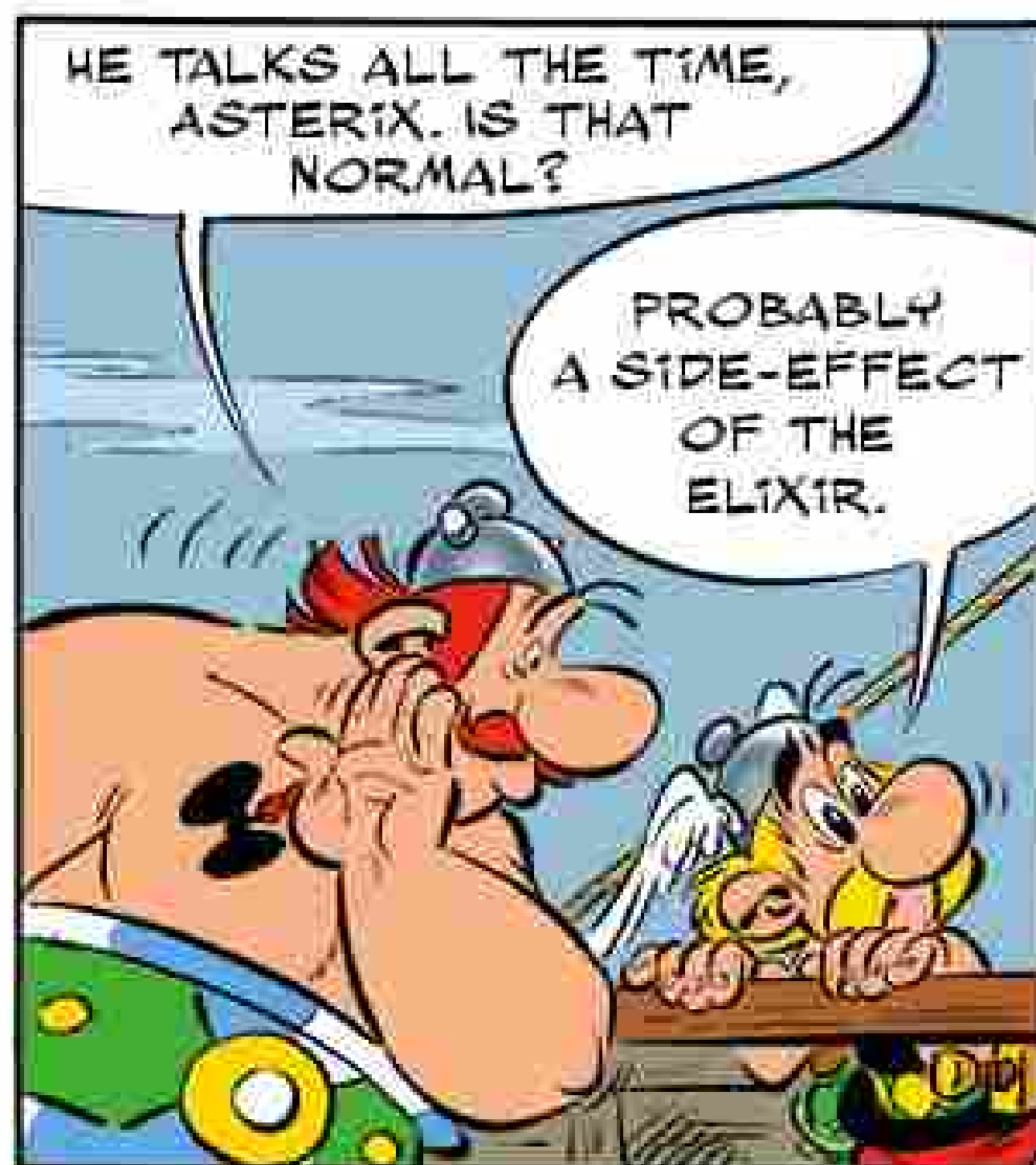
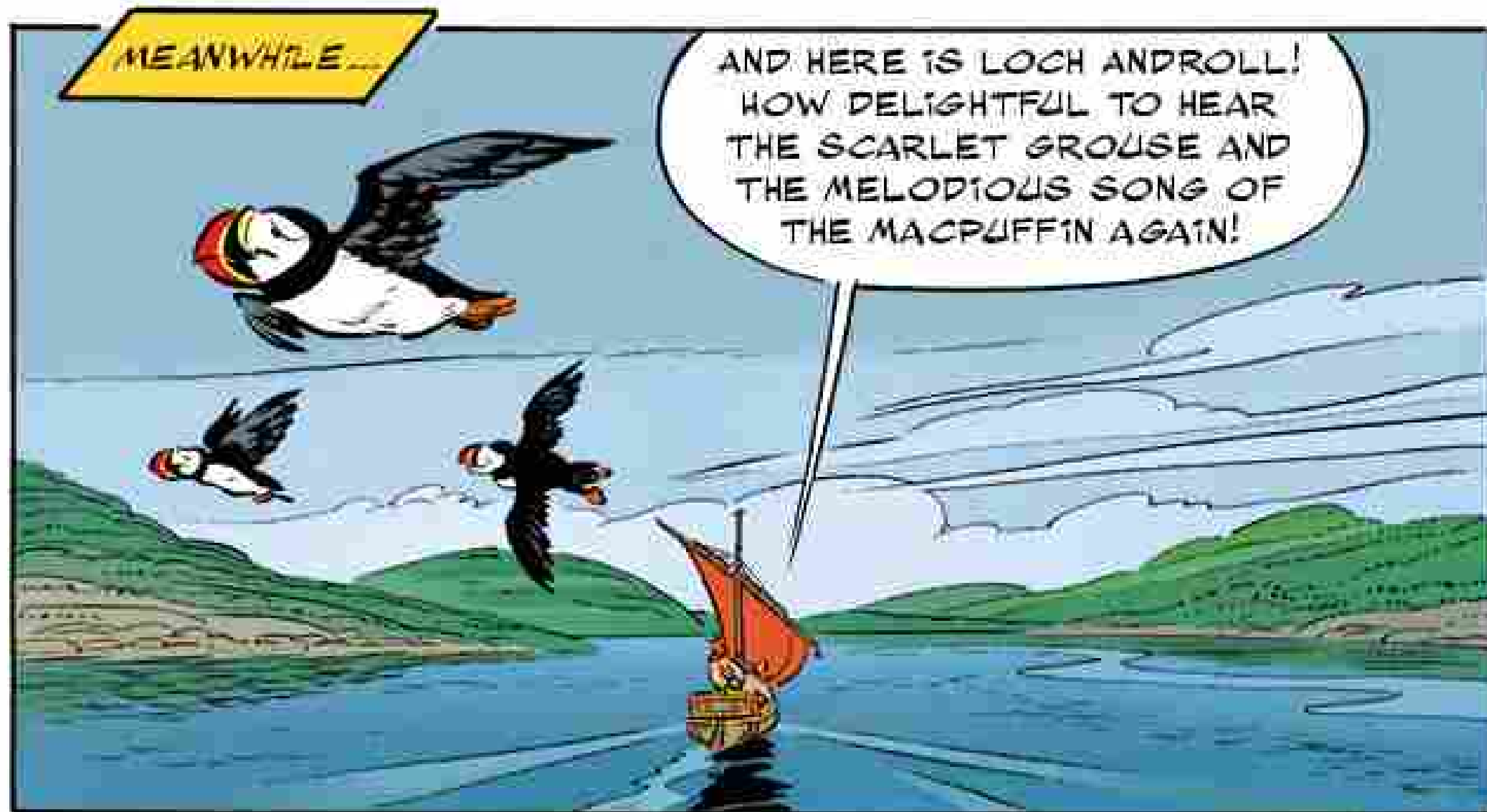
IF YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND MY COUNTRY, I MUST MENTION OUR CLANS, WHICH HAVE BEEN DIVIDED SINCE THE DEATH OF KING MAC II. IT'S PERFECTLY SIMPLE...

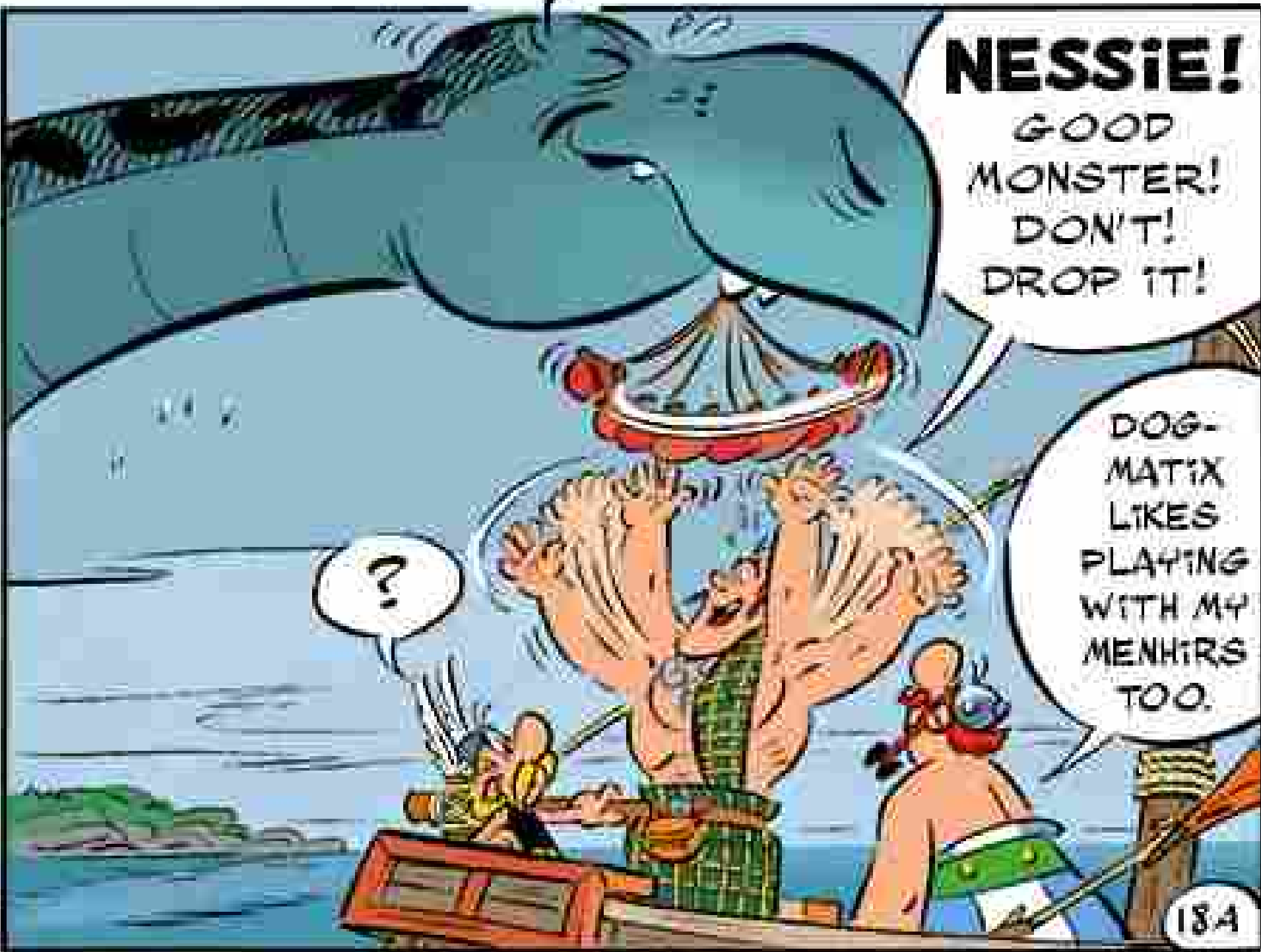
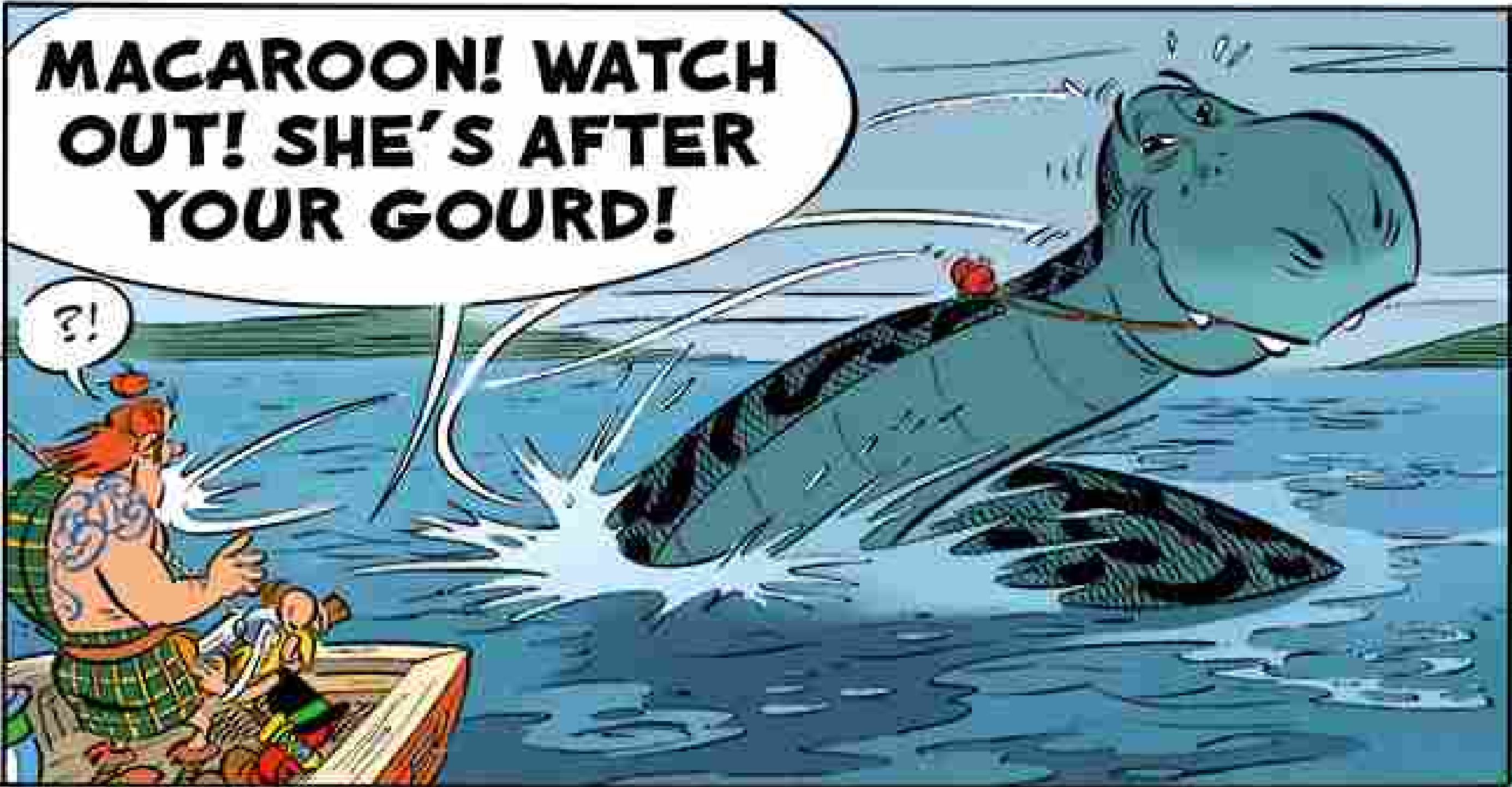
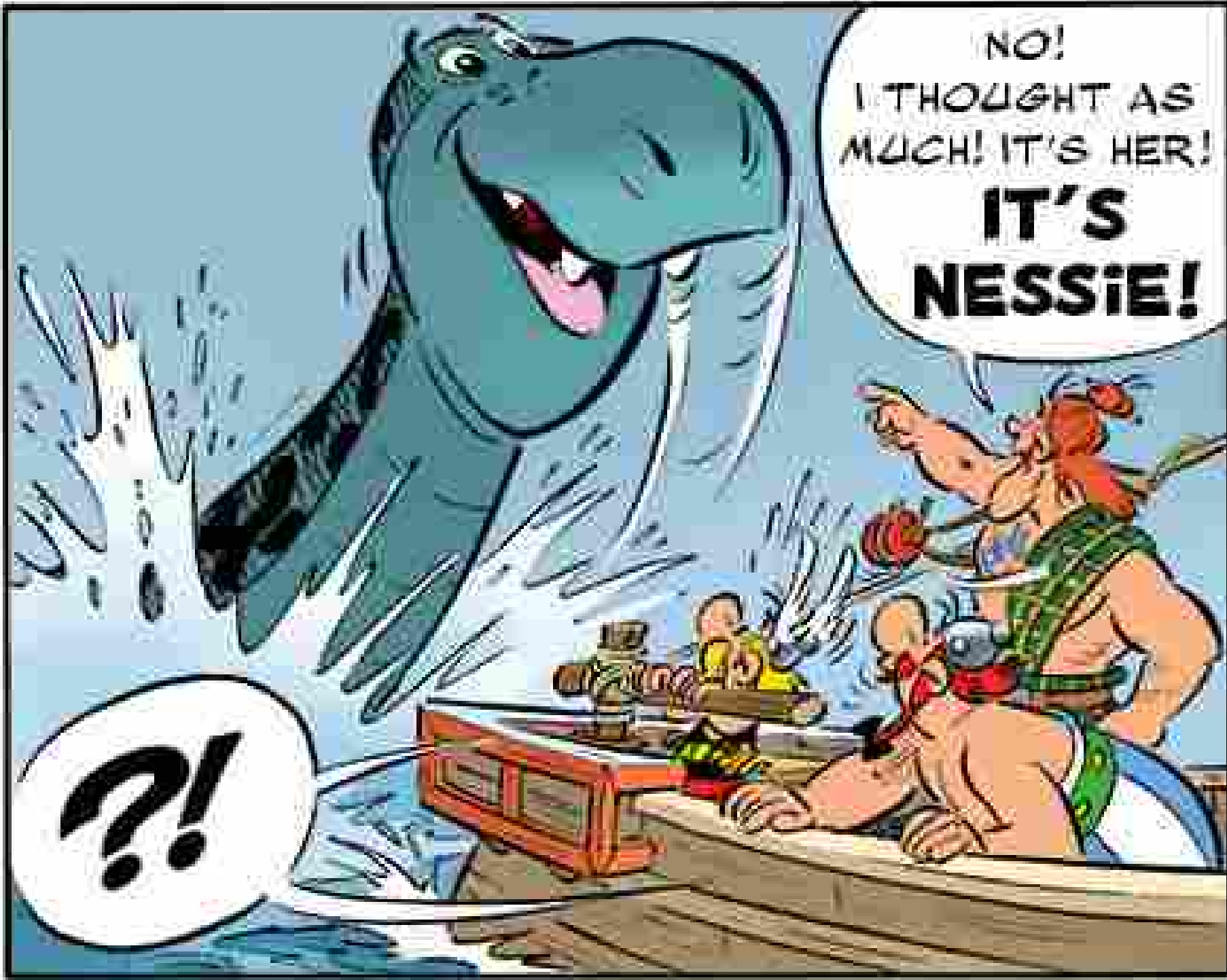
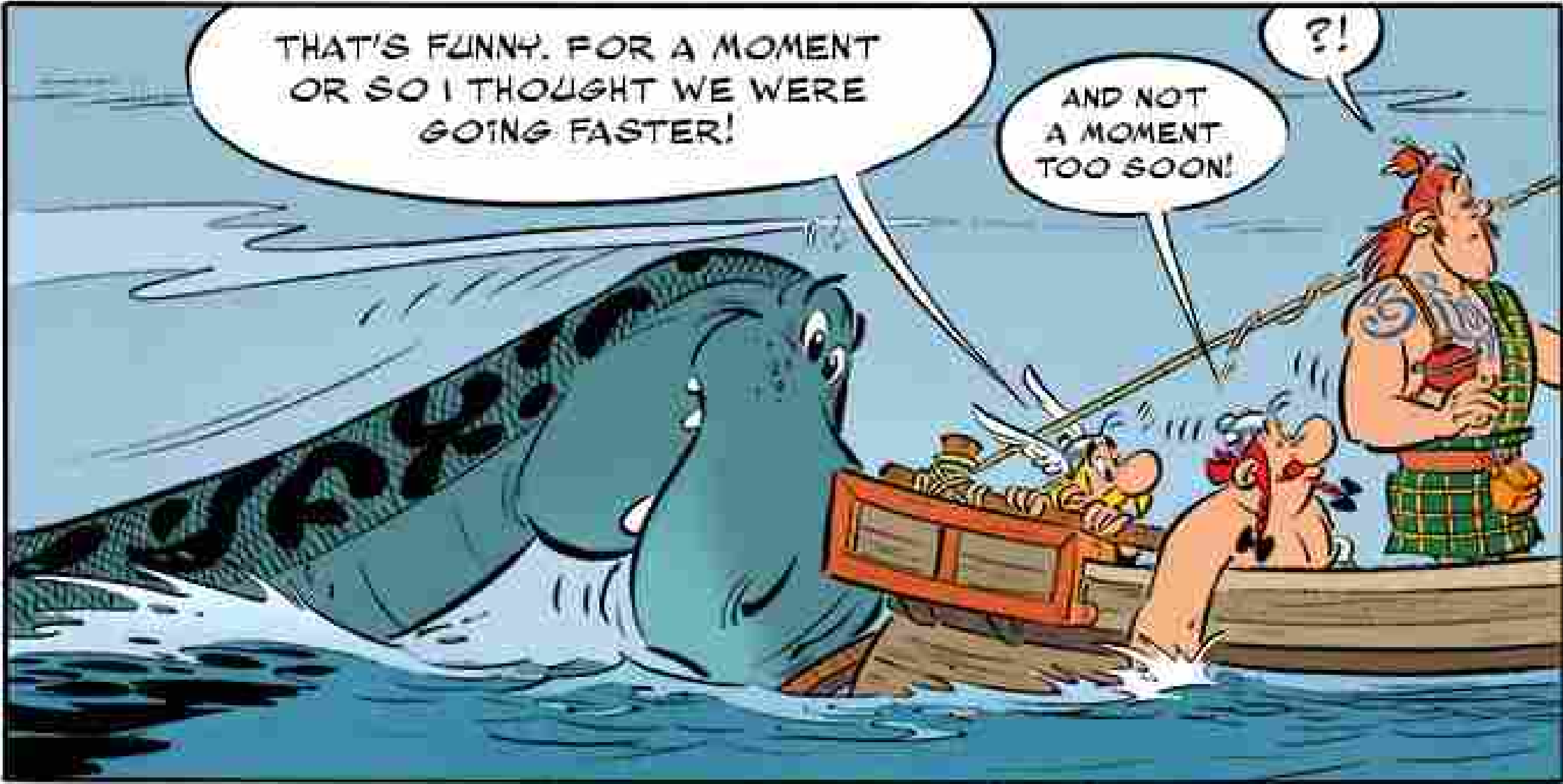


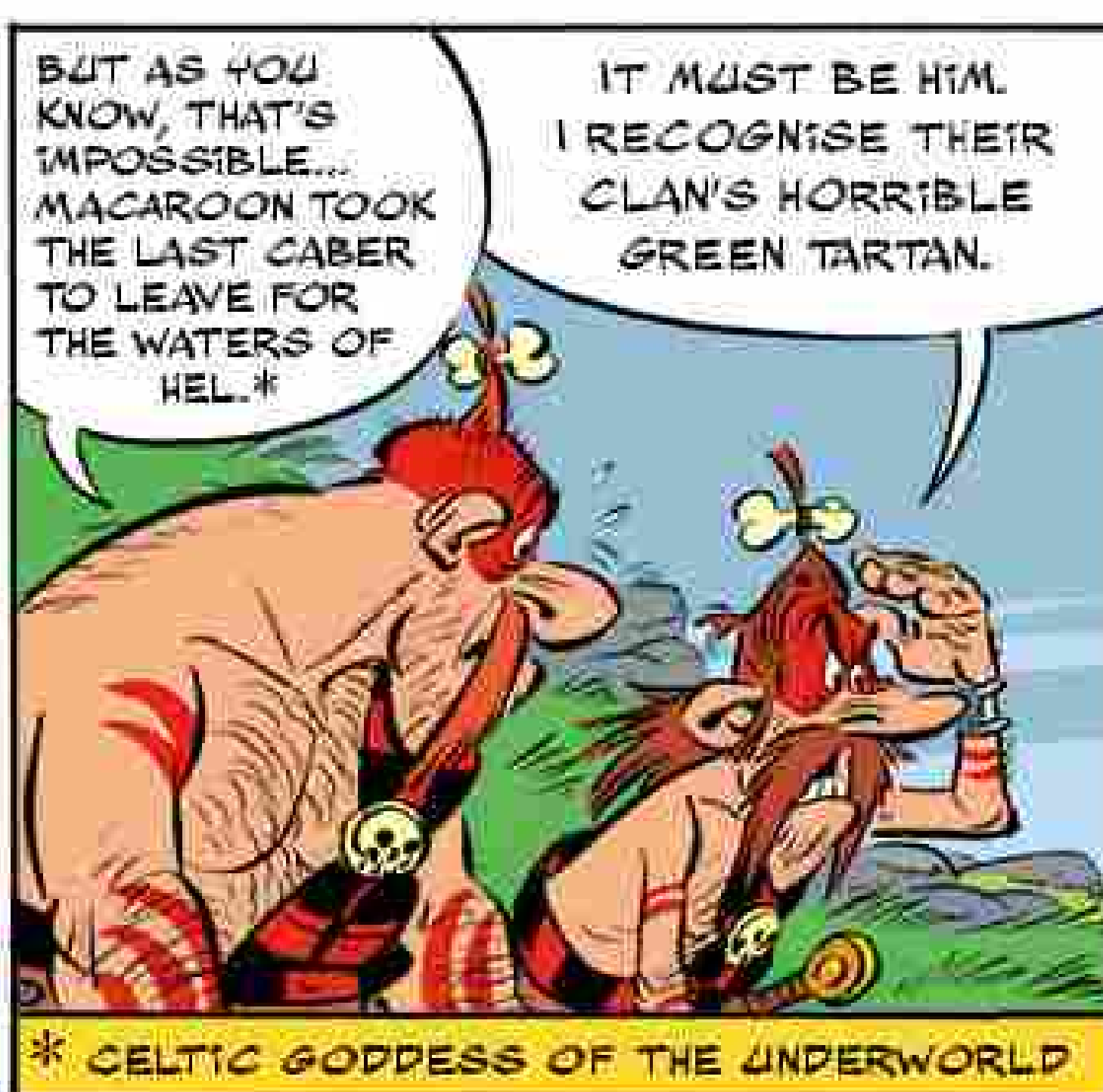
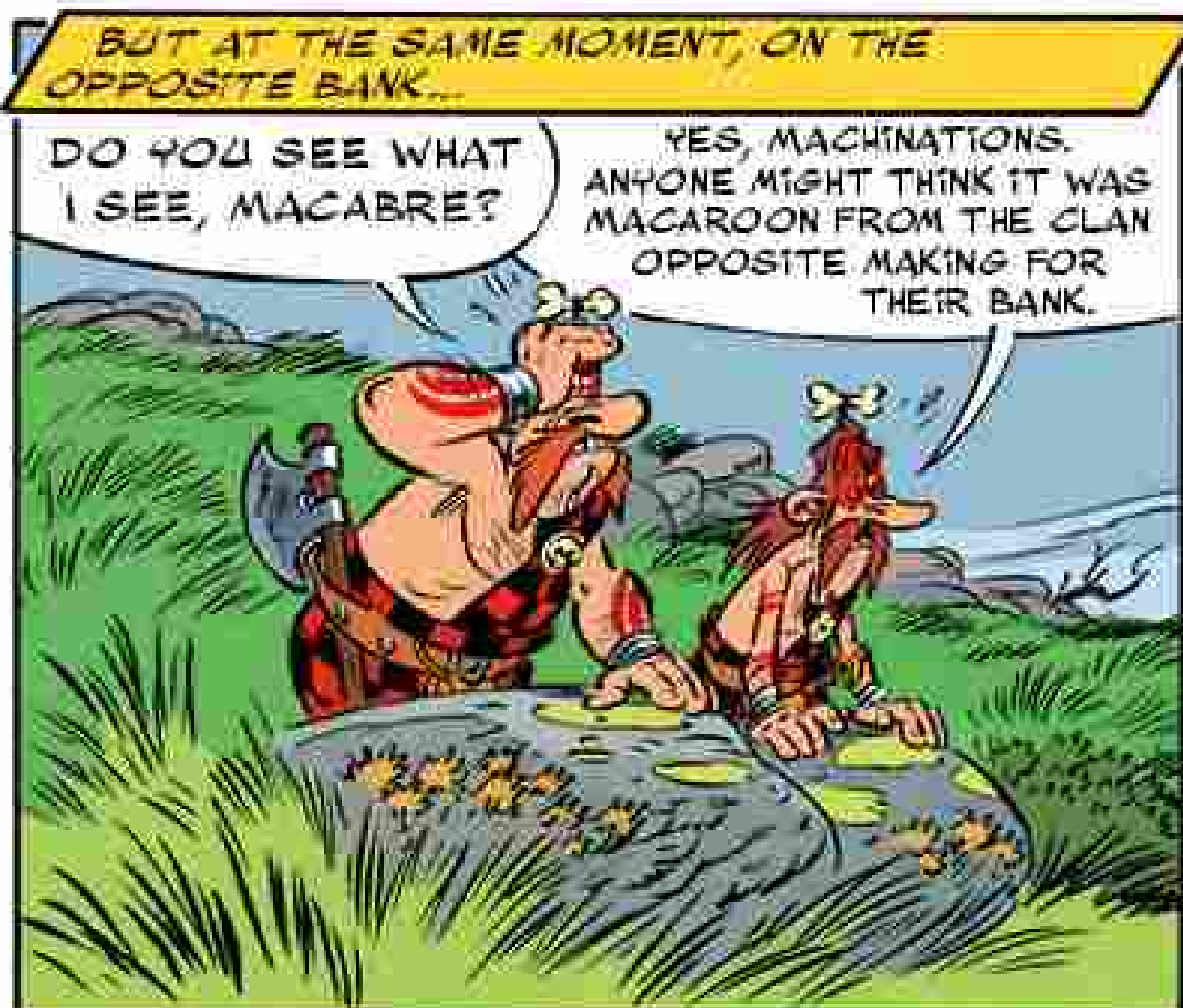
THERE ARE THE EASTERN PICTS AND THE WESTERN PICTS, THE SEA-GOING PICTS WHO PAINT THEMSELVES GREEN, AND THE BLUE PICTS WHO ARE FLESH-COLOURED. THEN THERE ARE THE BROWN PICTS, THE TWO-TONE PICTS...

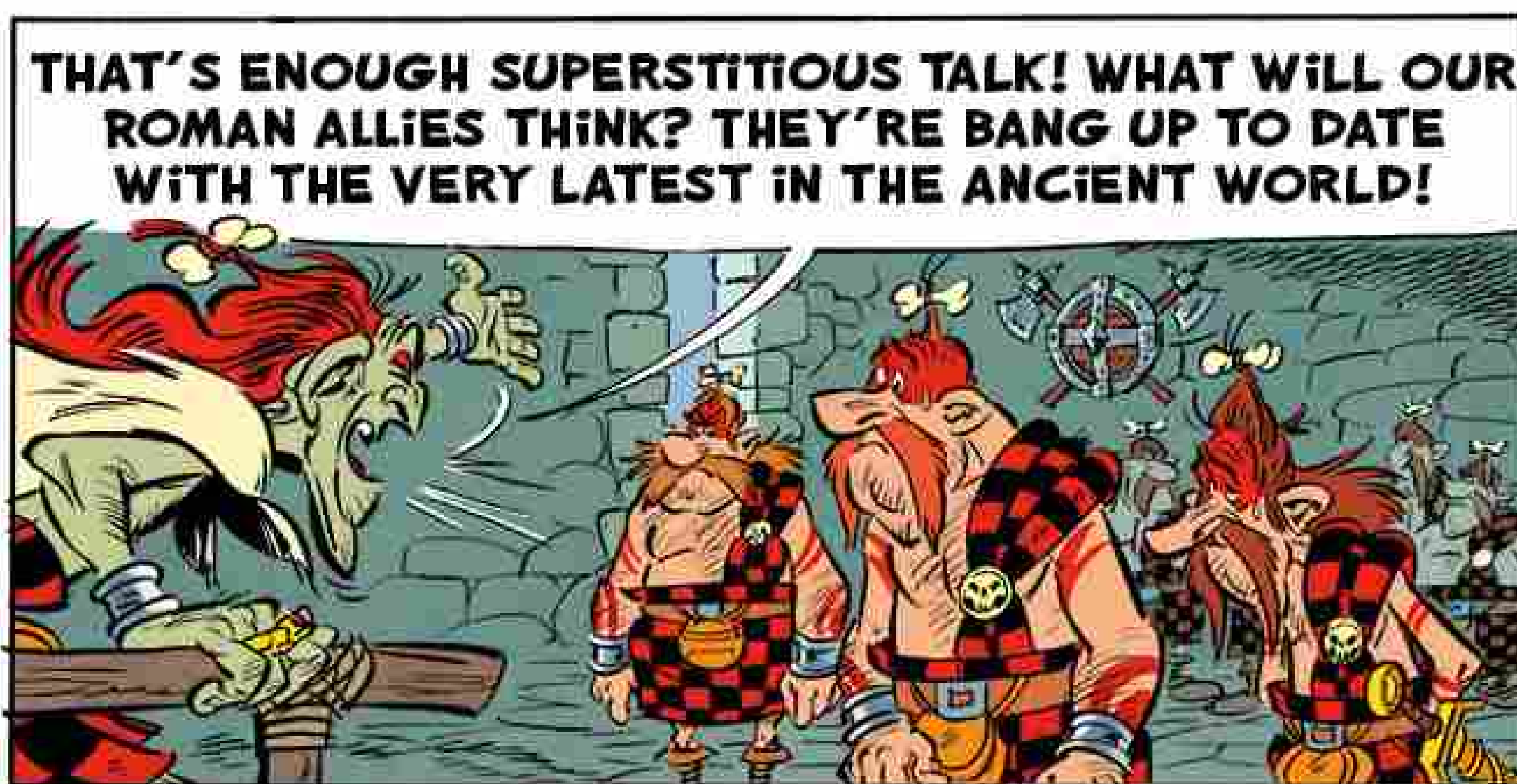
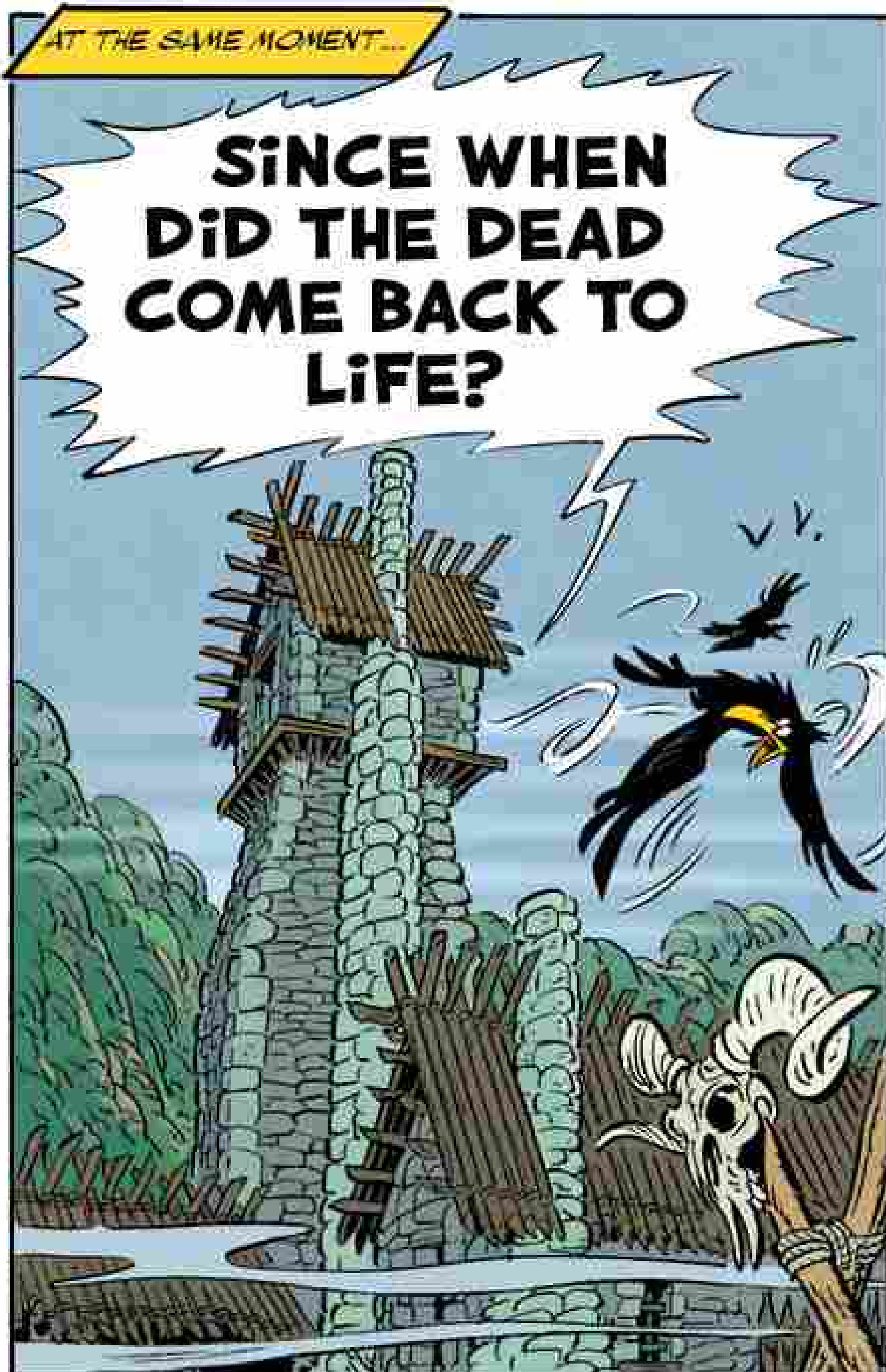
I THINK I PREFERRED IT WHEN HE'D LOST HIS VOICE.

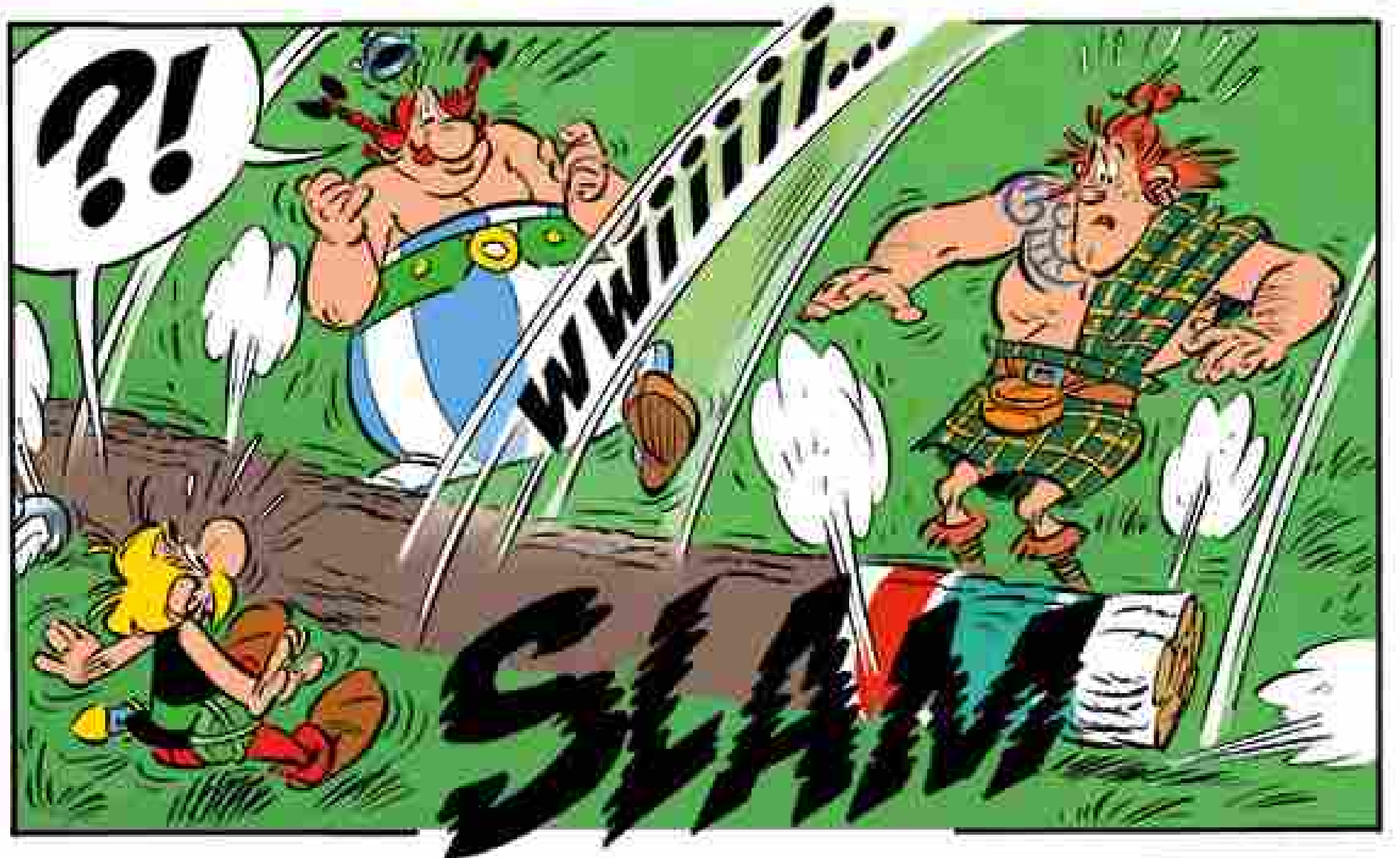
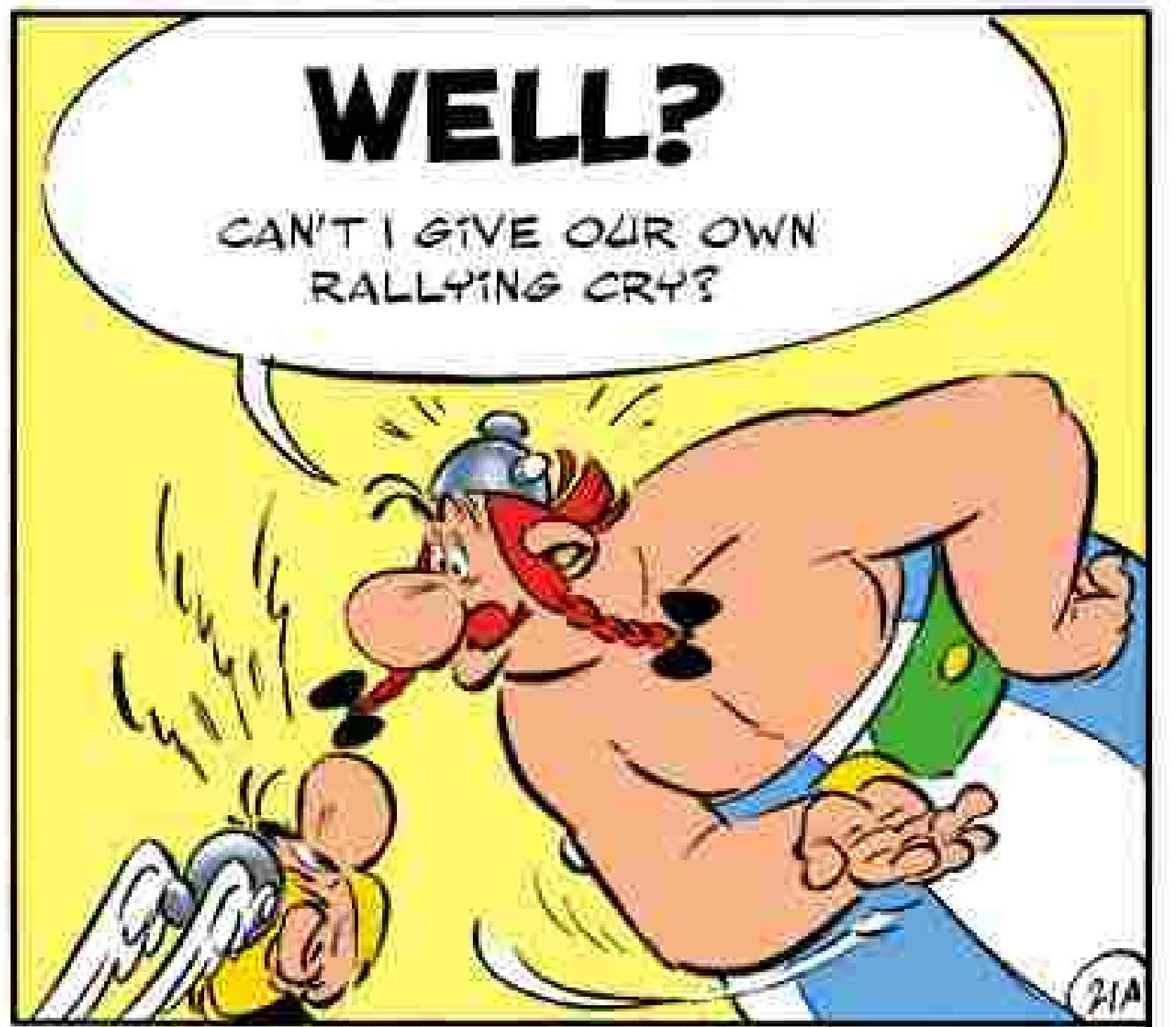


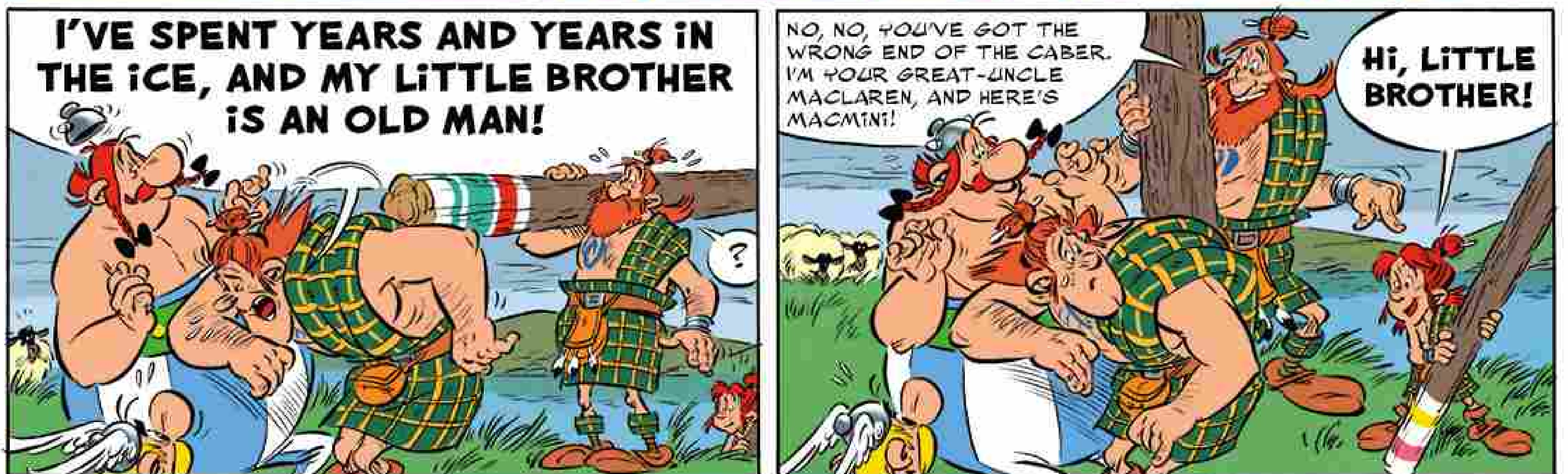














**OBELIX,
OLD FRIEND,
YOU'LL END
UP HURTING
SOMEONE!**

**OH, YES? SO MISTER
ASTERIX DOESN'T APPROVE
OF HIGHLAND GAMES, IS
THAT RIGHT?**

COLLIDING WITH
A TREE IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
FOG! IT'S NOT
NATURAL!

THAT'S IT! WE'RE
TURNING BACK.
WE'LL SAY WE
COULDN'T SEE
THE WAY.

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE
LOCH, THE ROMANS ARE MAKING PROGRESS...

NEARLY THERE,
FALLACIUS. I'LL SPEAK
TO THE MEN.

LEGIONARIES!
LET ME REMIND YOU, WE ARE ON
AN ULTRA-SECRET MISSION IN
PICTISH TERRITORY!

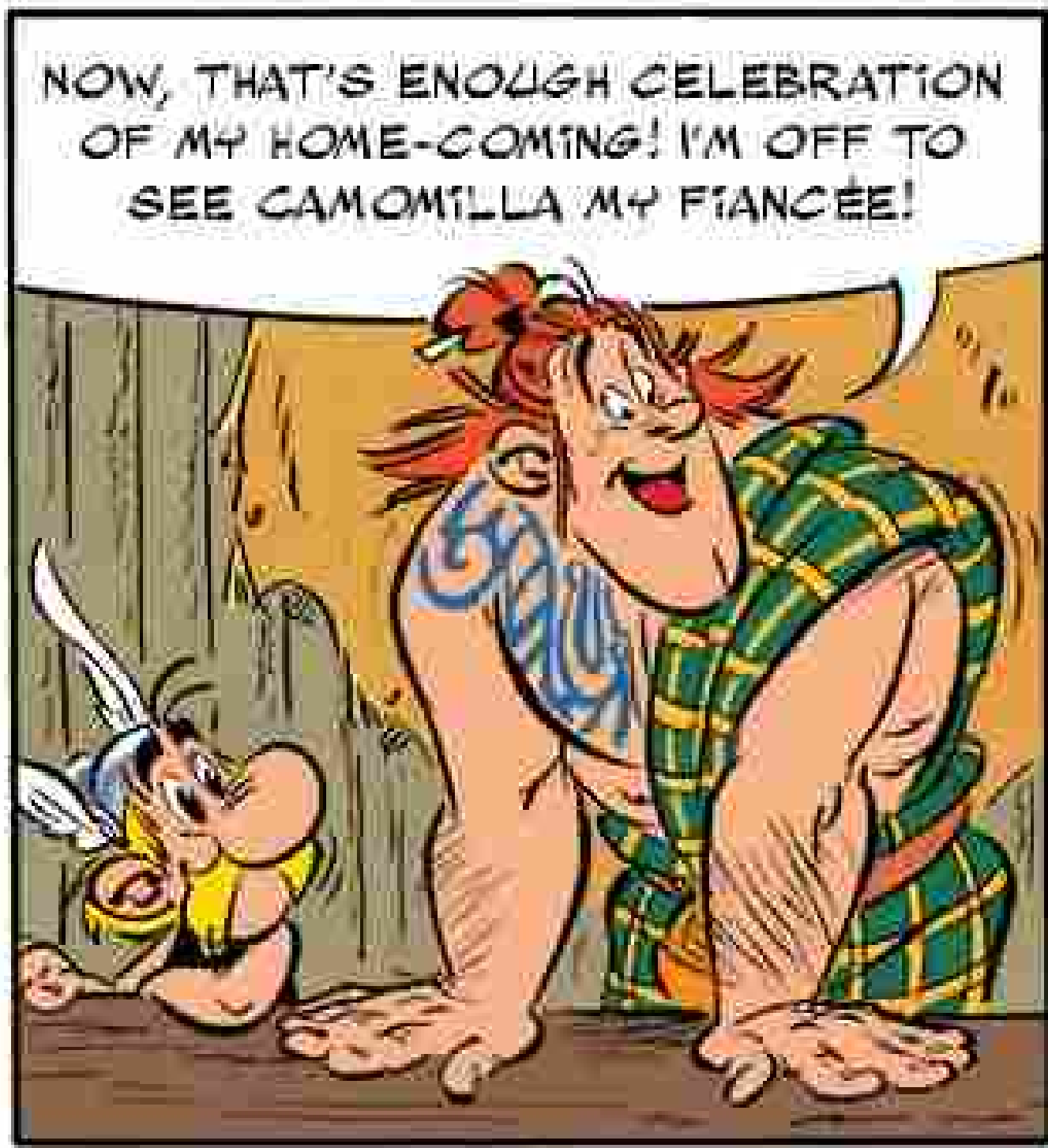
WHAT? SPEAK UP, WE CAN'T HEAR
YOU HERE AT THE BACK!

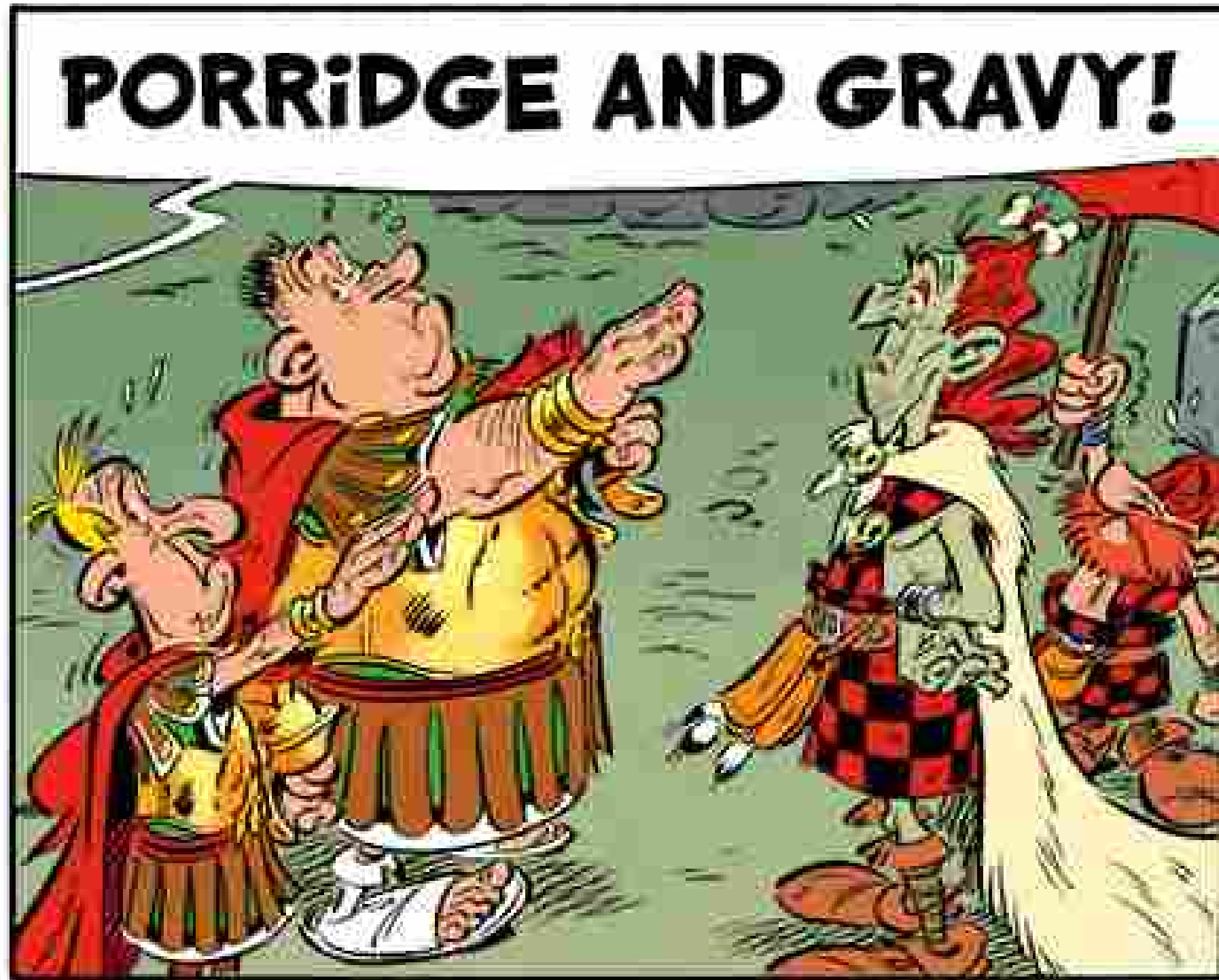
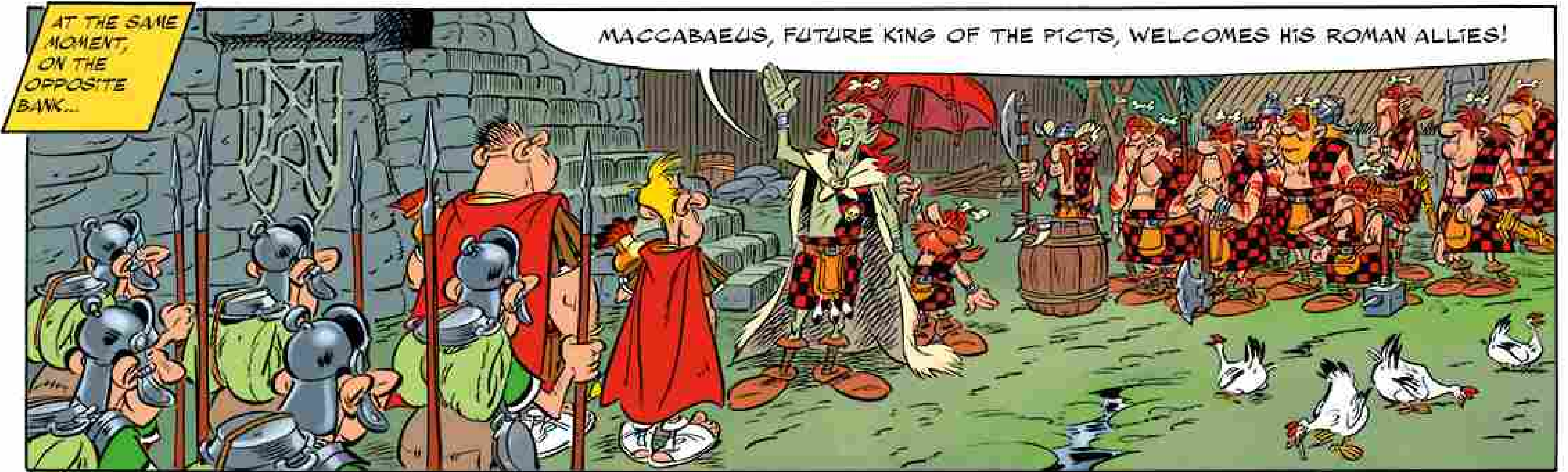
WE ARE HERE AT THE INVITATION
OF CHIEF MACCABAEUS, A FAR-
SIGHTED CHIEFTAIN WHO WANTS
AN ALLIANCE WITH ROME!

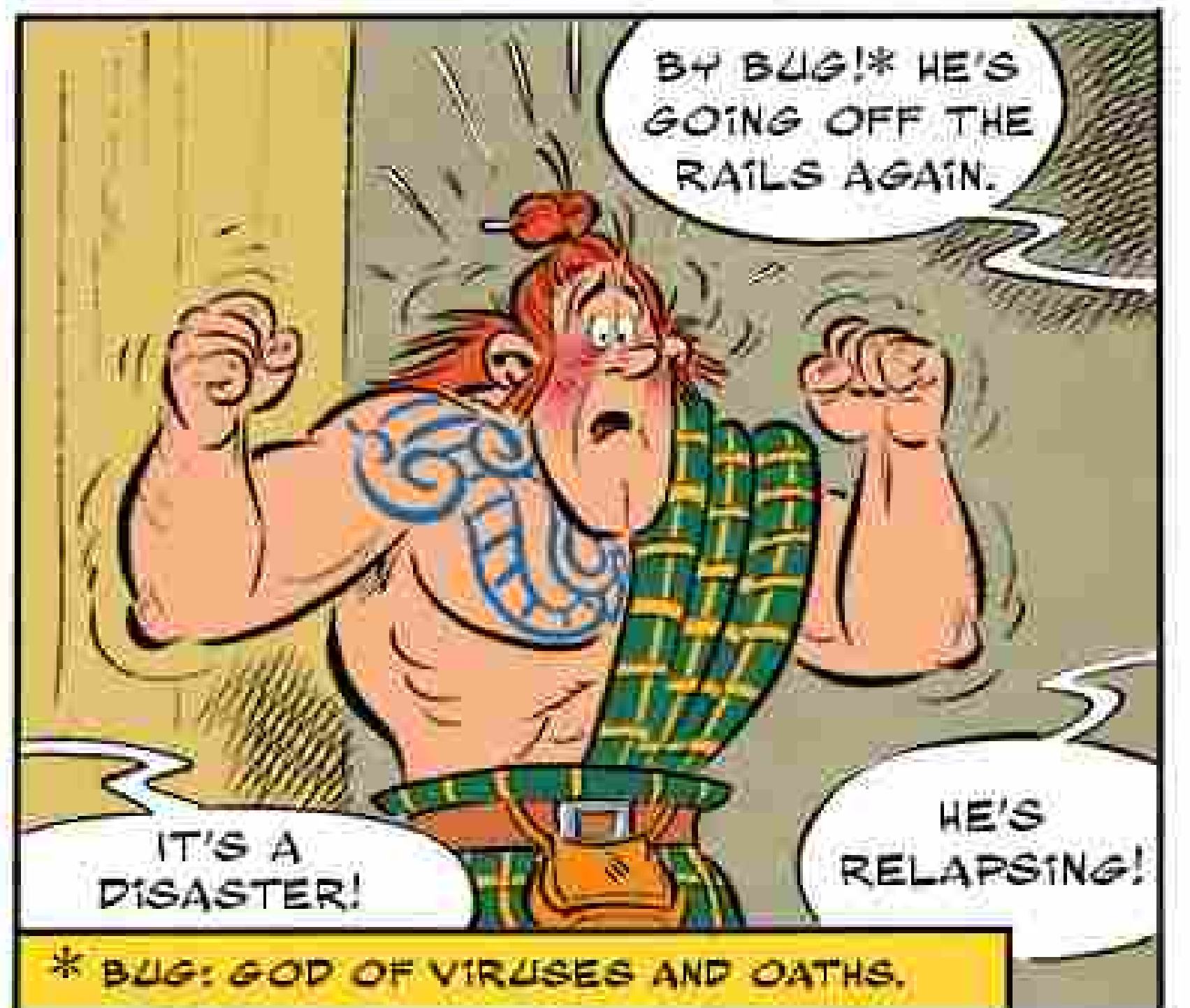
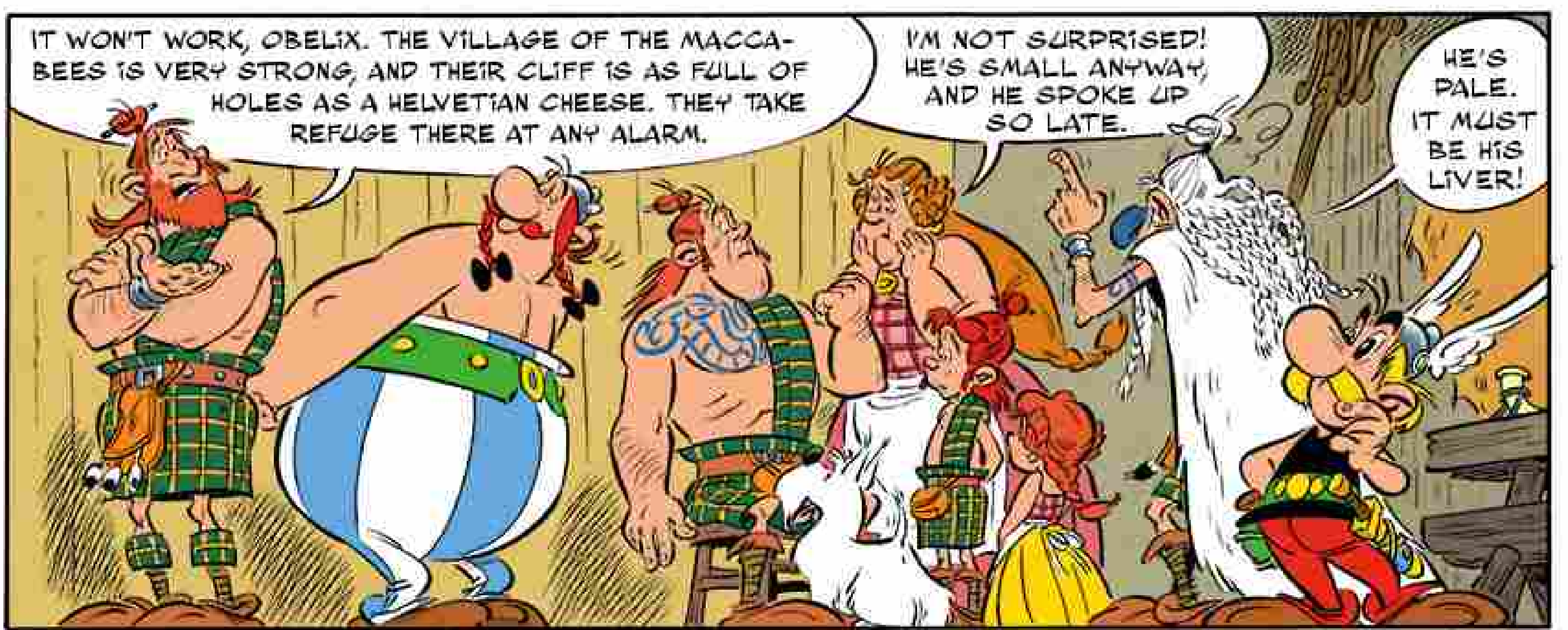
HOME SWEET HOME.
I NEVER DID LIKE
ROAMING.

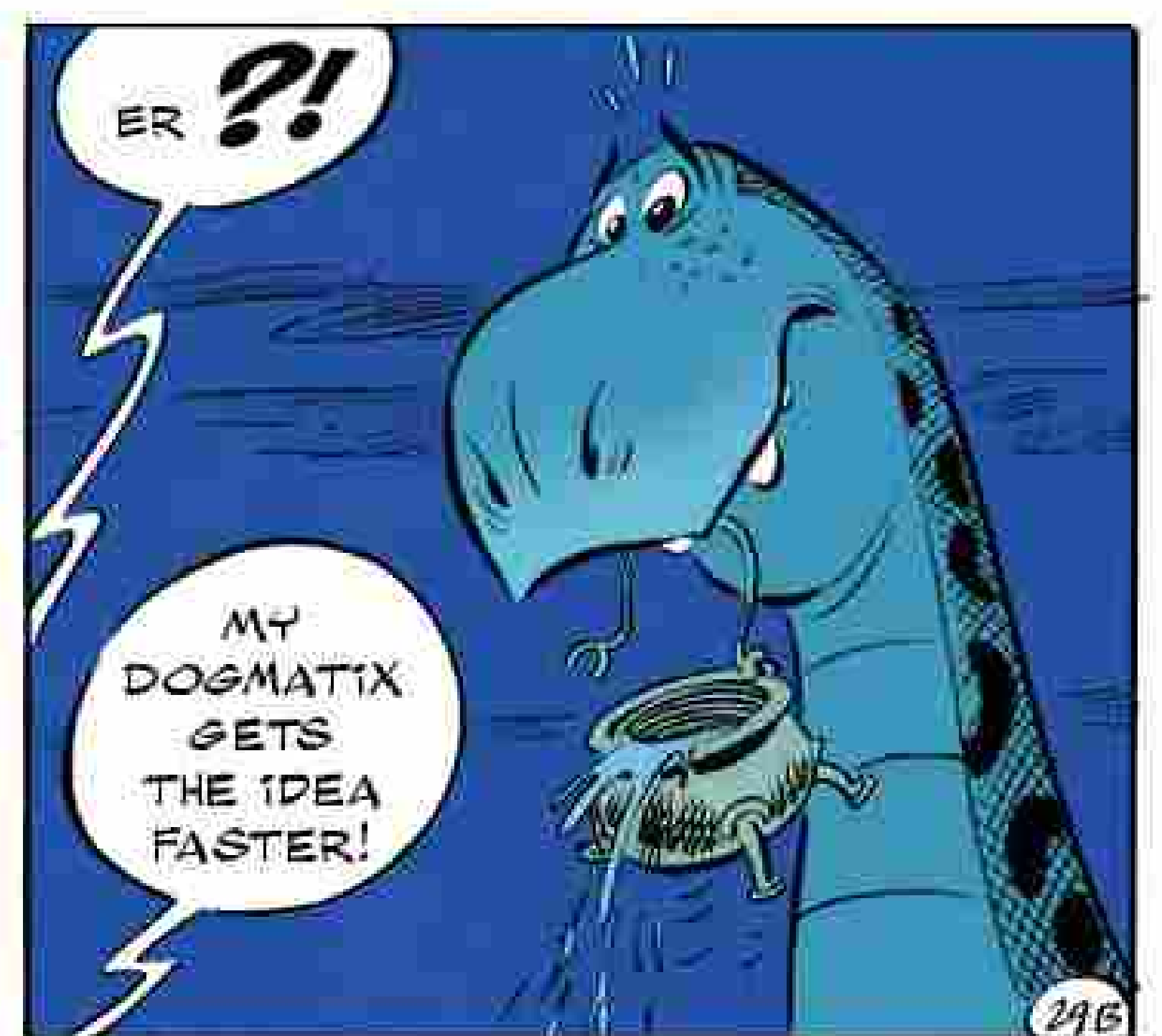
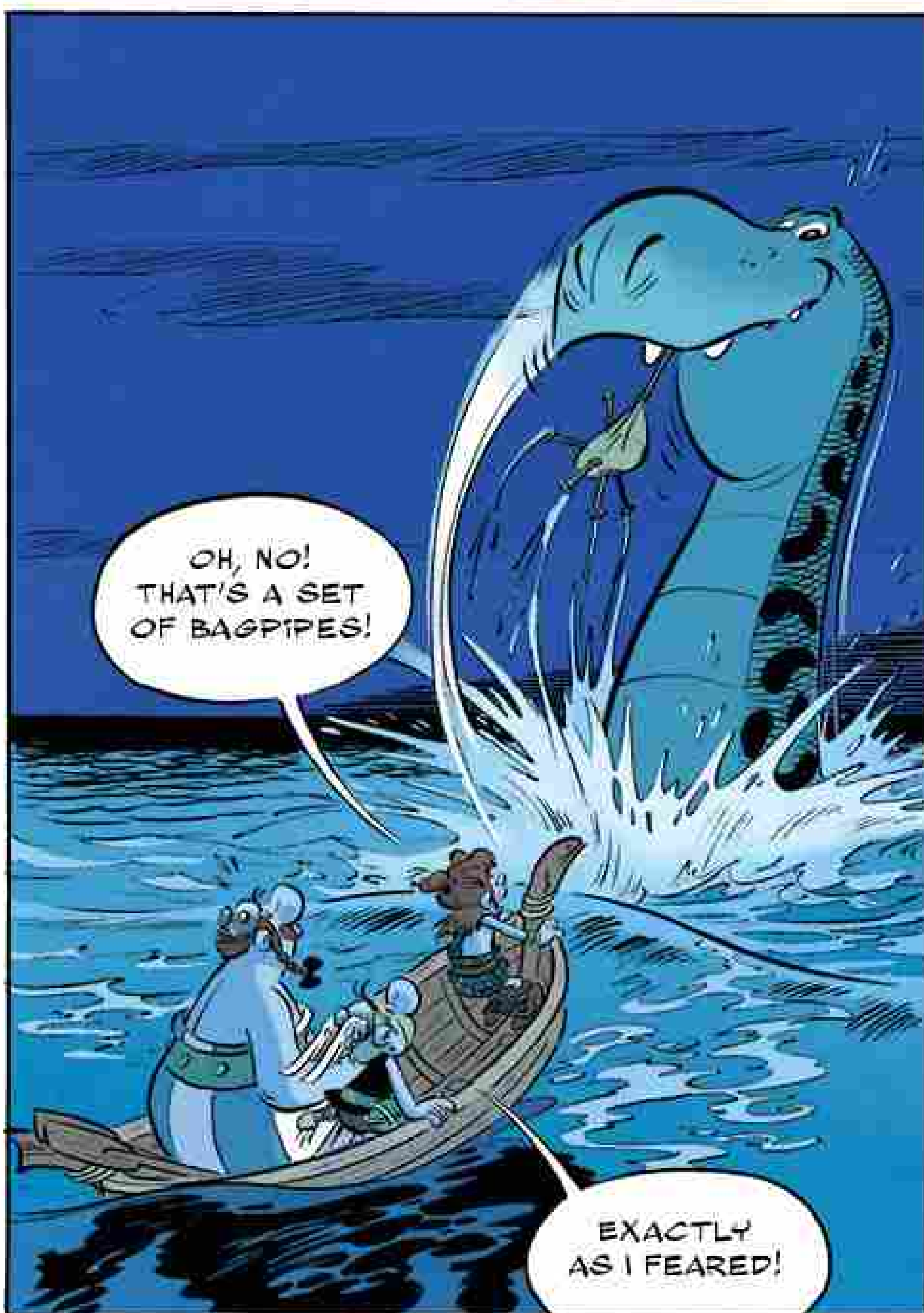
AND SO, MEN, I EXPECT AN
EXEMPLARY ATTITUDE FROM YOU.
OUR PASSWORD IS COURAGE
AND BRAVERY!
OFF WE GO!

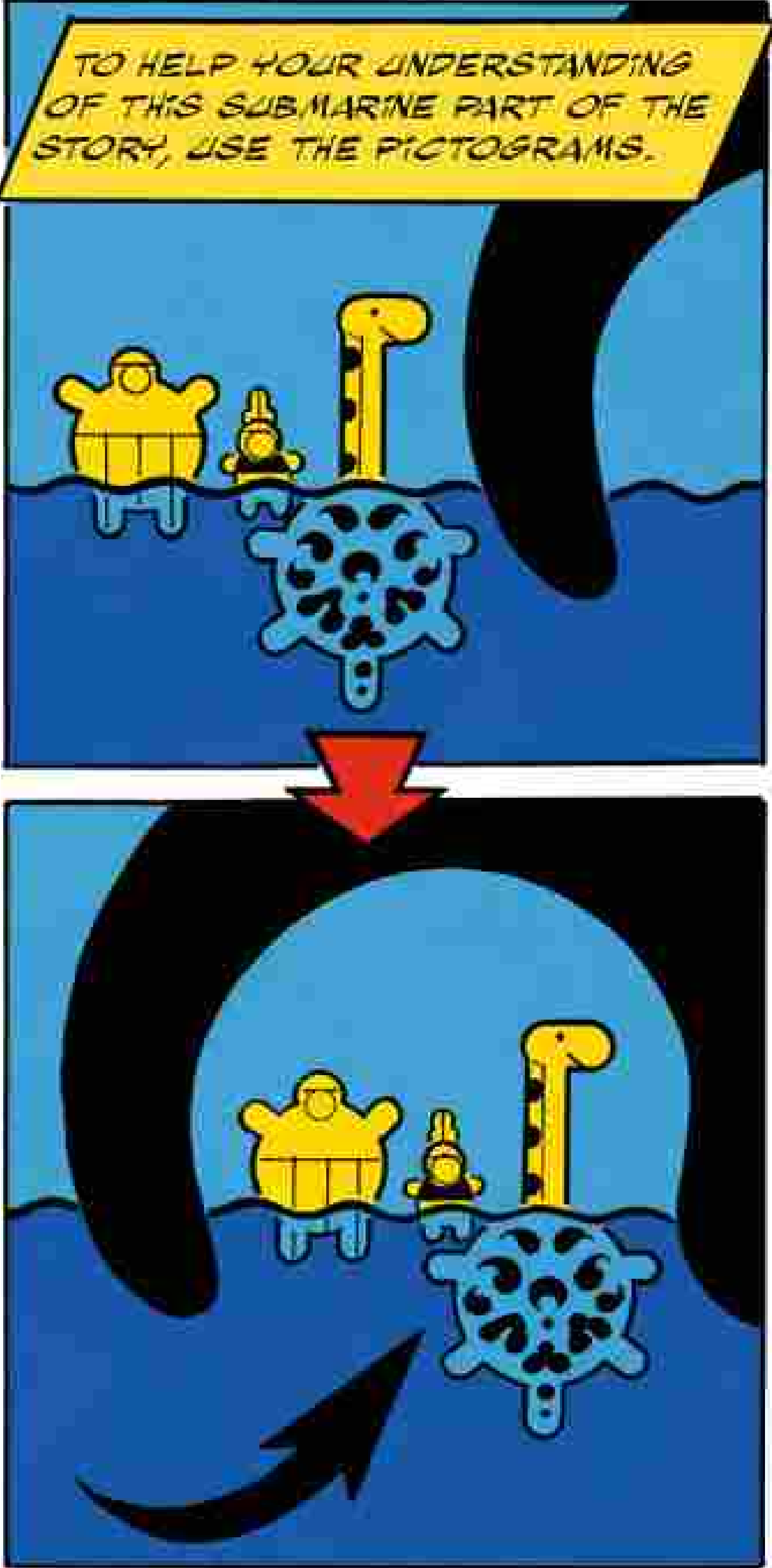
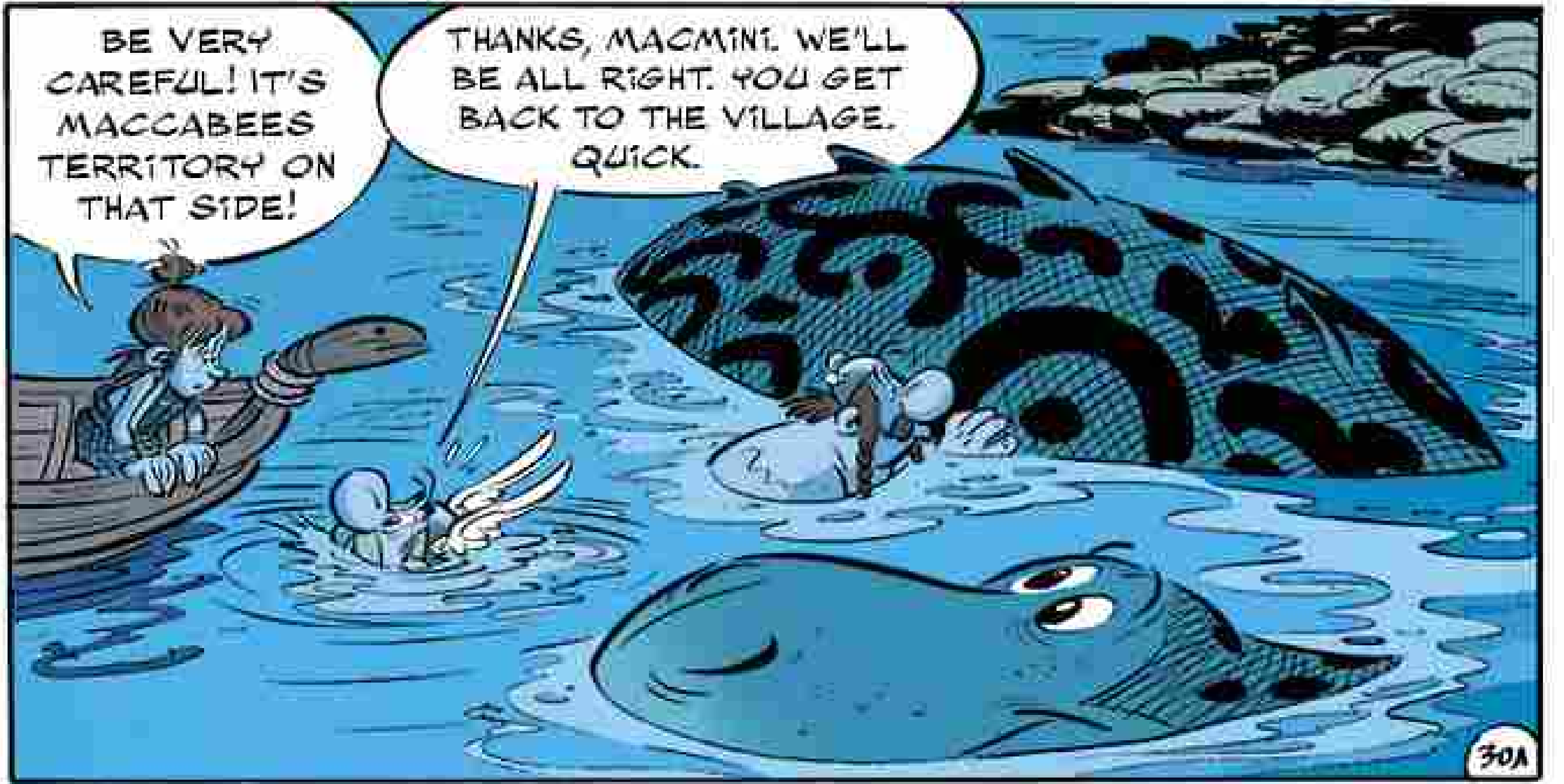
PORRIDGE AND GRAVY? THAT SOUNDS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT.
WHAT DO YOU SAY, LADS?

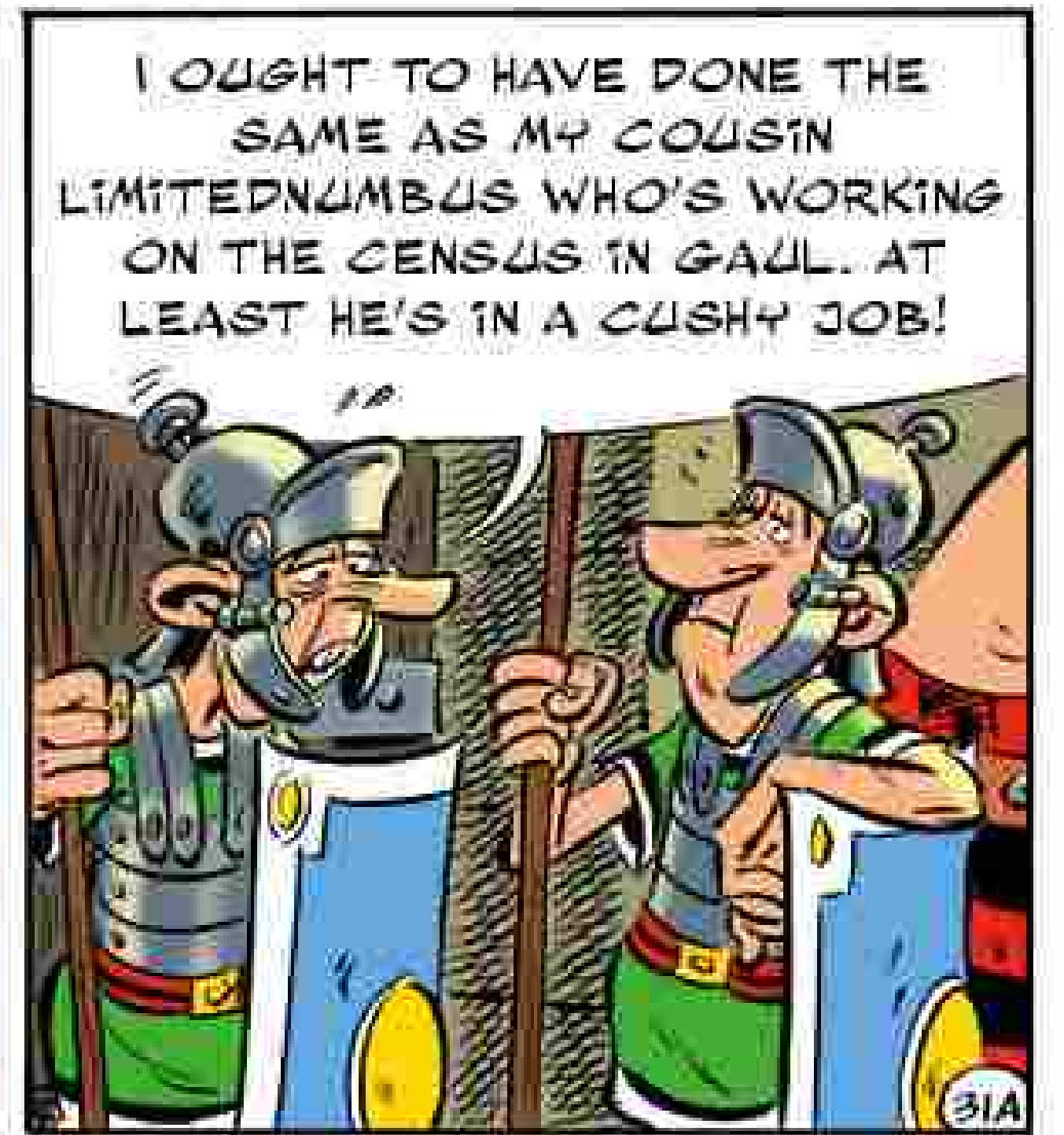
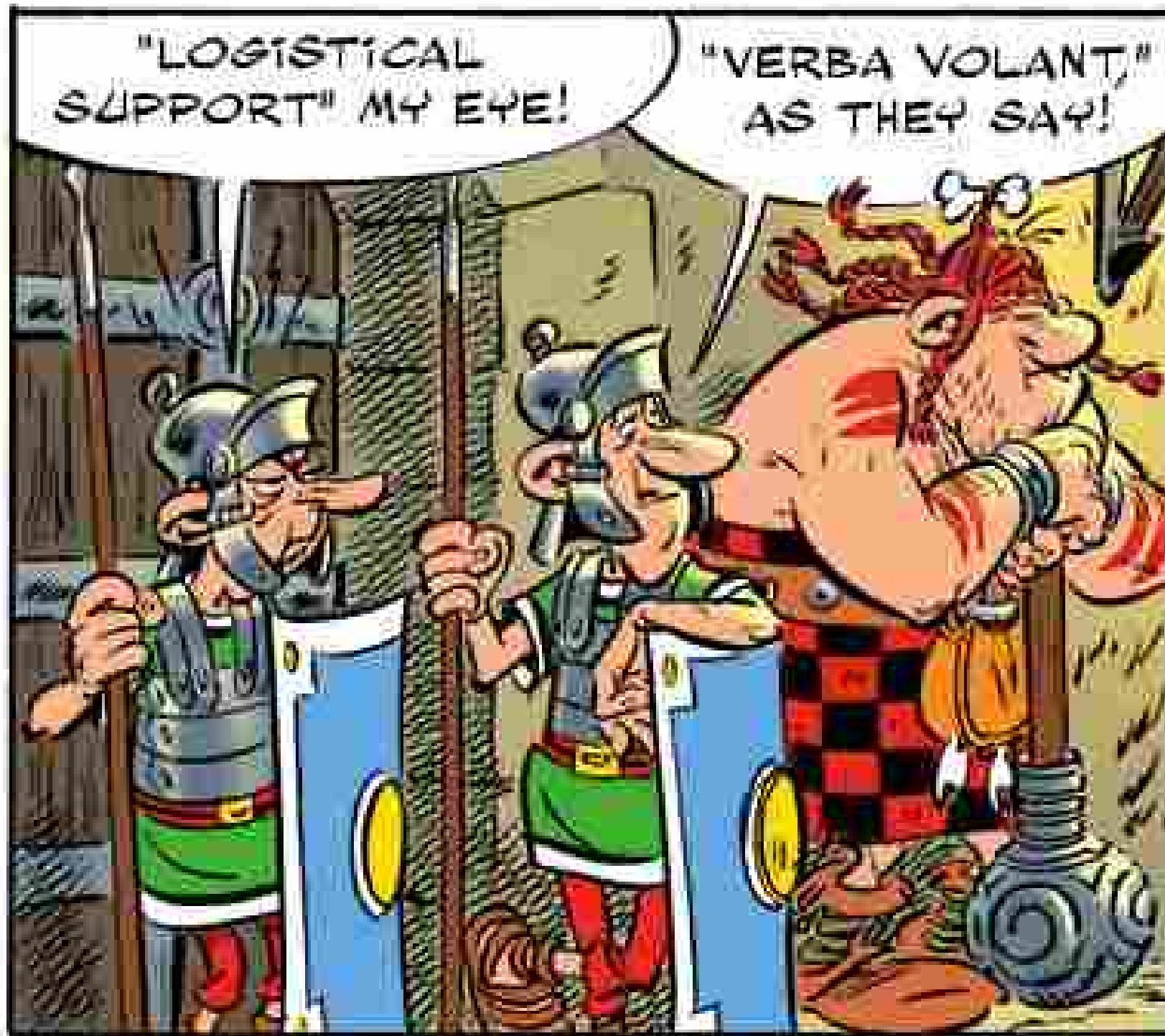


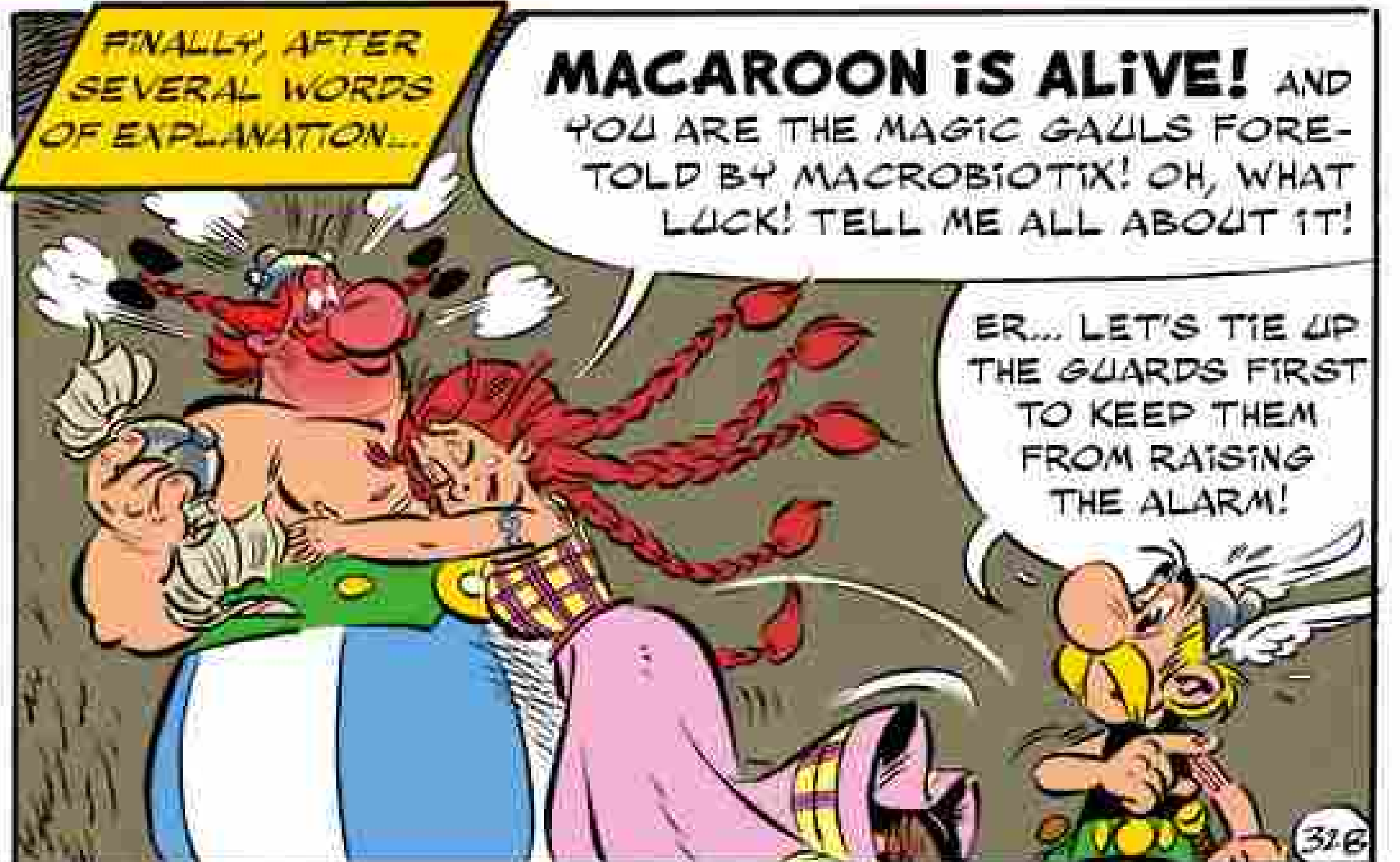
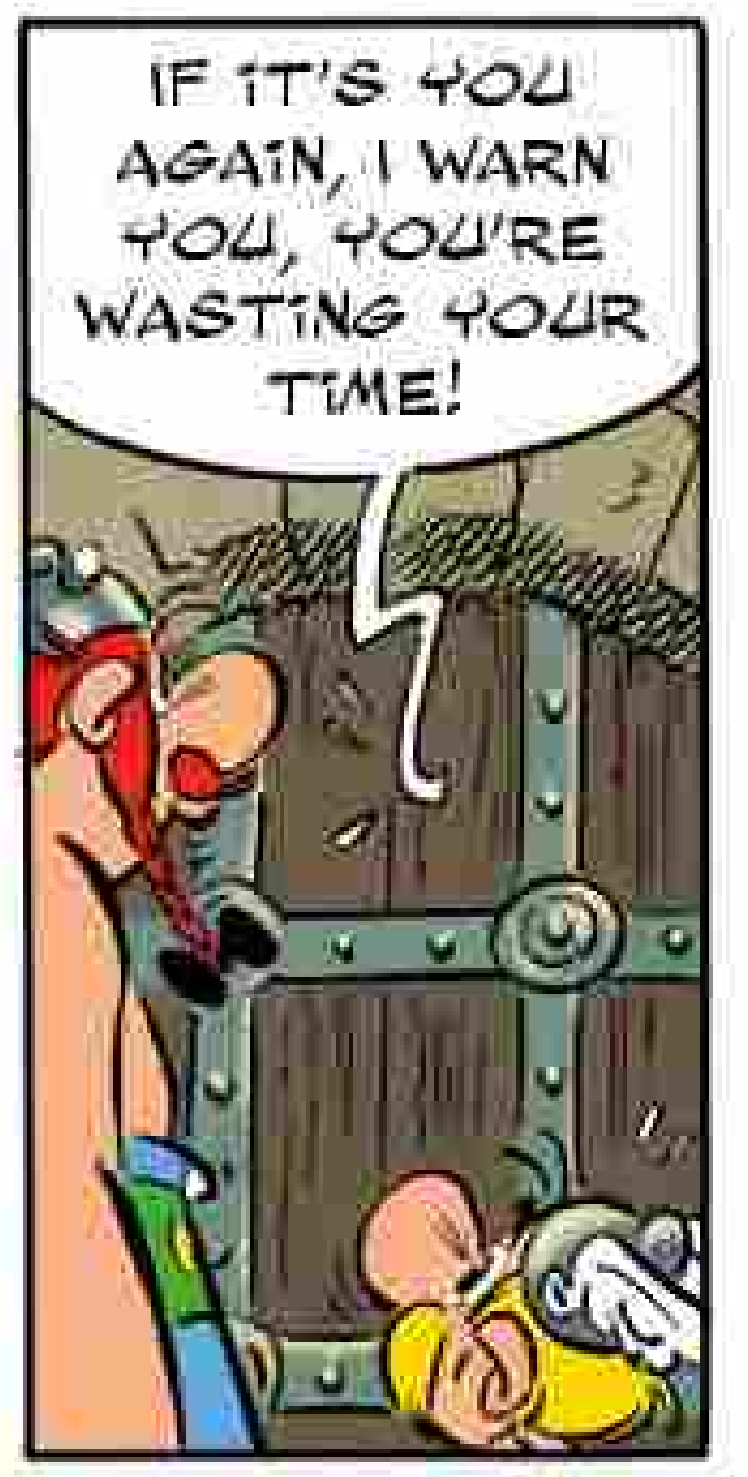












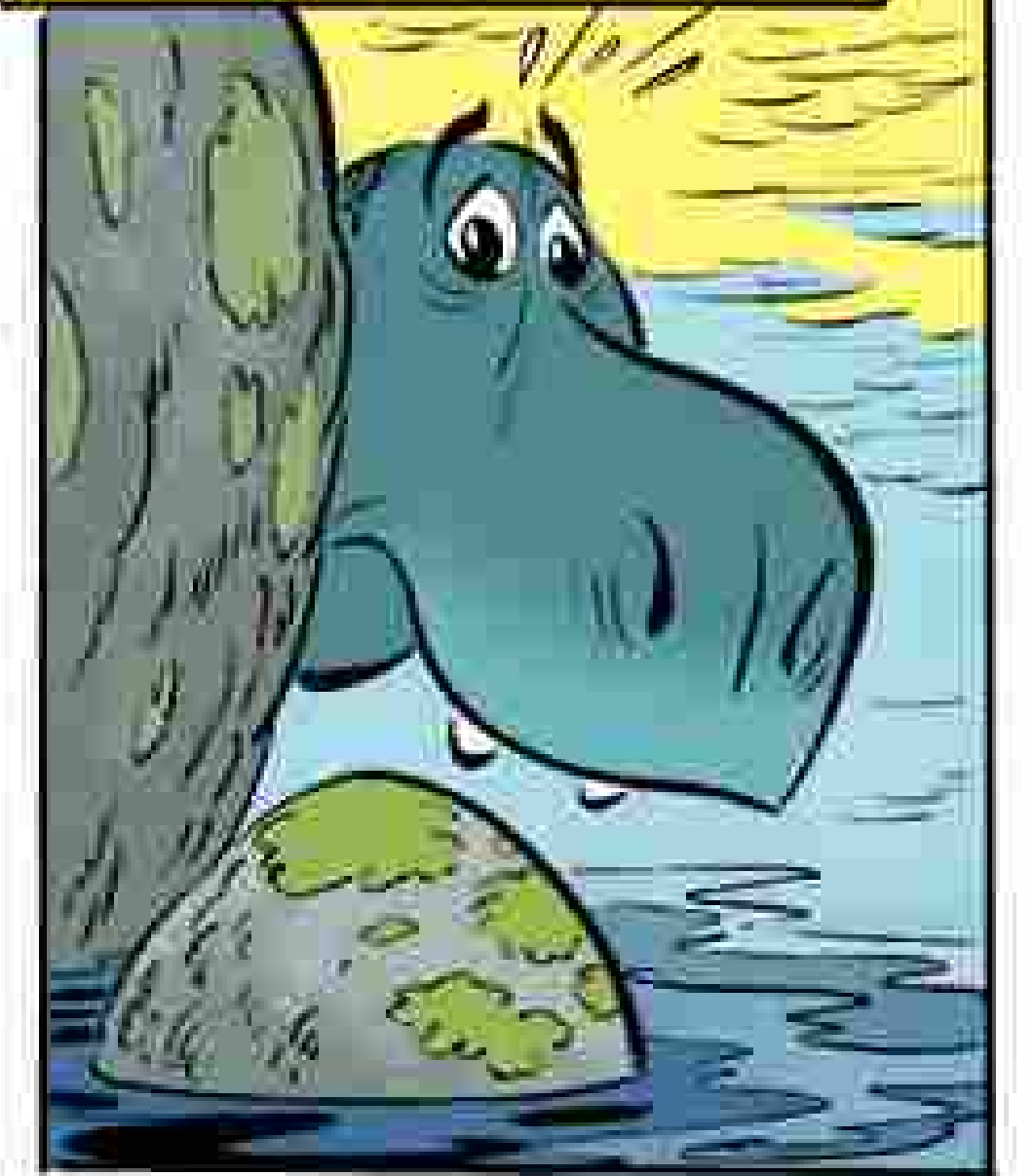




DAY IS DAWNING... THE ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LOCH IS SEETHING WITH EXCITEMENT BEFORE THE CEREMONY TO ACCLAIM THE NEW KING...



...CAUSING CONFUSION AMONG SOME OF THE LOCAL INHABITANTS...



ALL THE LEADING CLAN CHIEFTAINS HAVE COME. PICTS OF THE PLAINS, WOODLAND PICTS, PAUNCHY PICTS, SPOTTED PICTS, LAUGHING PICTS, YELLOW WATER PICTS... YOU COULD CALL THEM A PICKED BUNCH.



EVEN A GREAT WHITE PICT HAS COME.



MACCABAEUS AND HIS SUPPORTERS ADVANCE...



...MINGLING WITH THE CROWD AND BUYING SHOTS OF MALTED WATER TO WIN VOTES...

MACCABAEUS IS GOOD FOR YOU!



THE VOTING PROCEDURE FOR A CANDIDATE TO ASCEND THE THRONE IS RATHER COMPLICATED. FIRST COME THE INDEPENDENTS...

YOU KNOW ME, FRIENDS. I DON'T BELONG TO ANY CLAN...

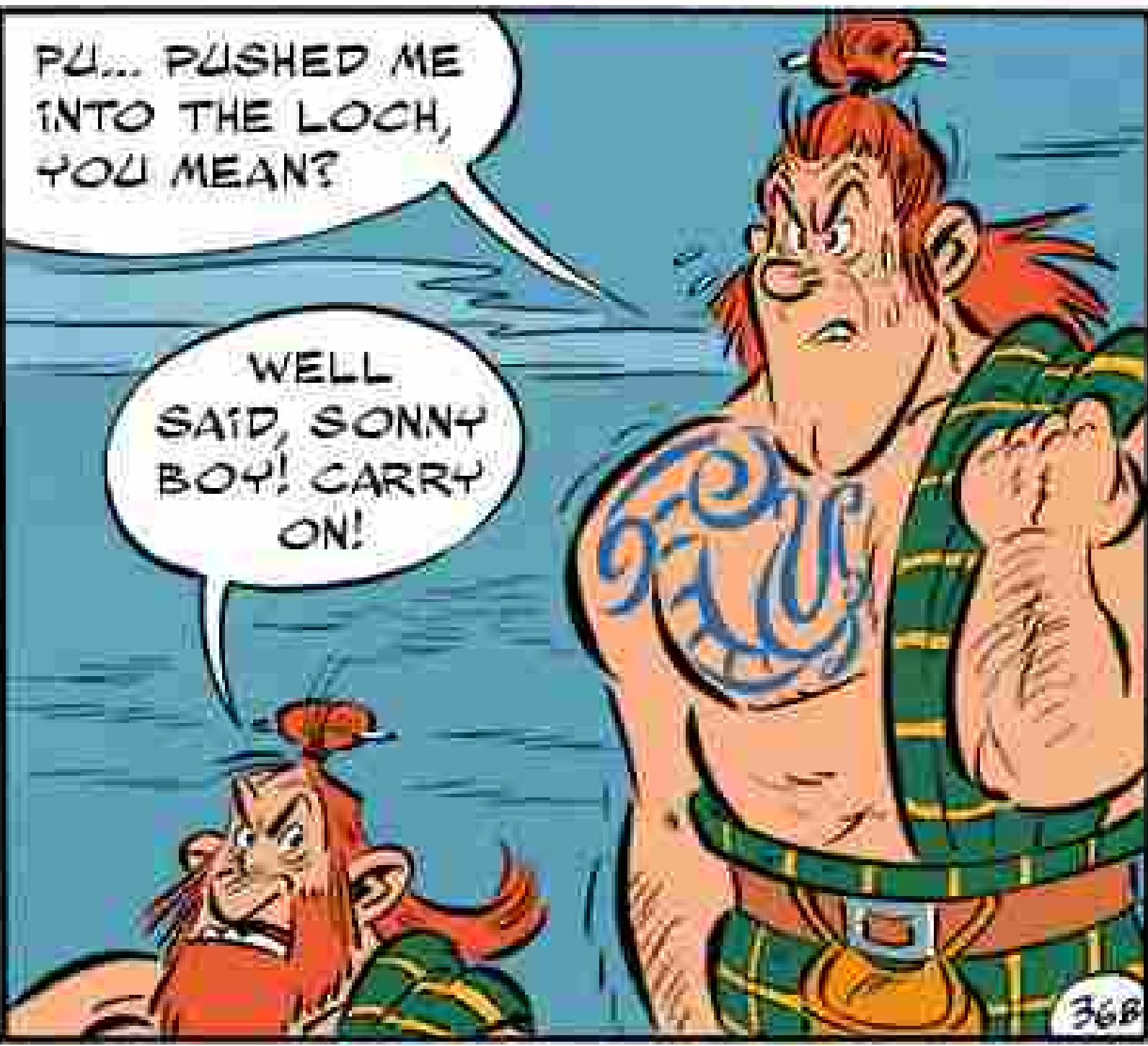
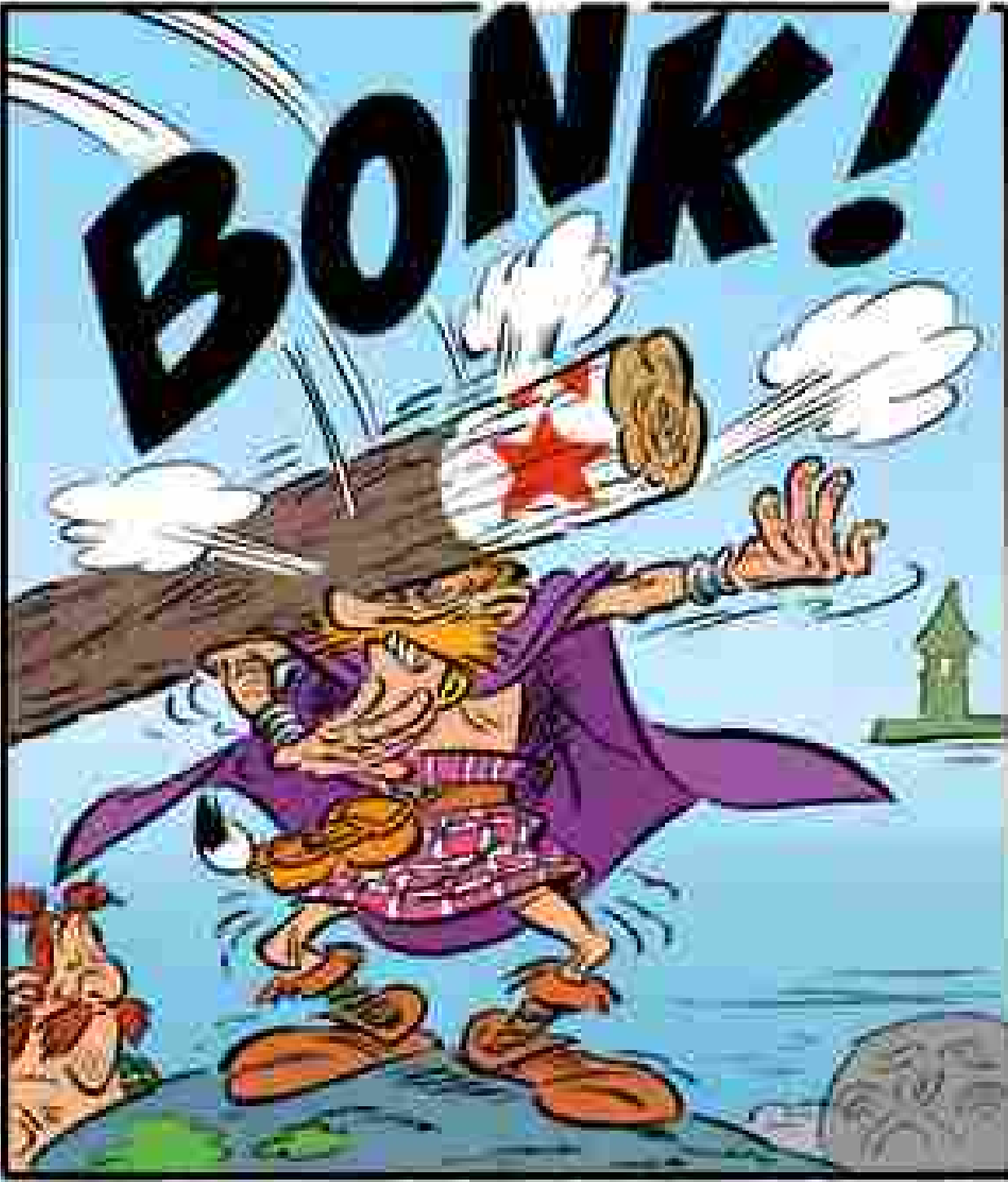
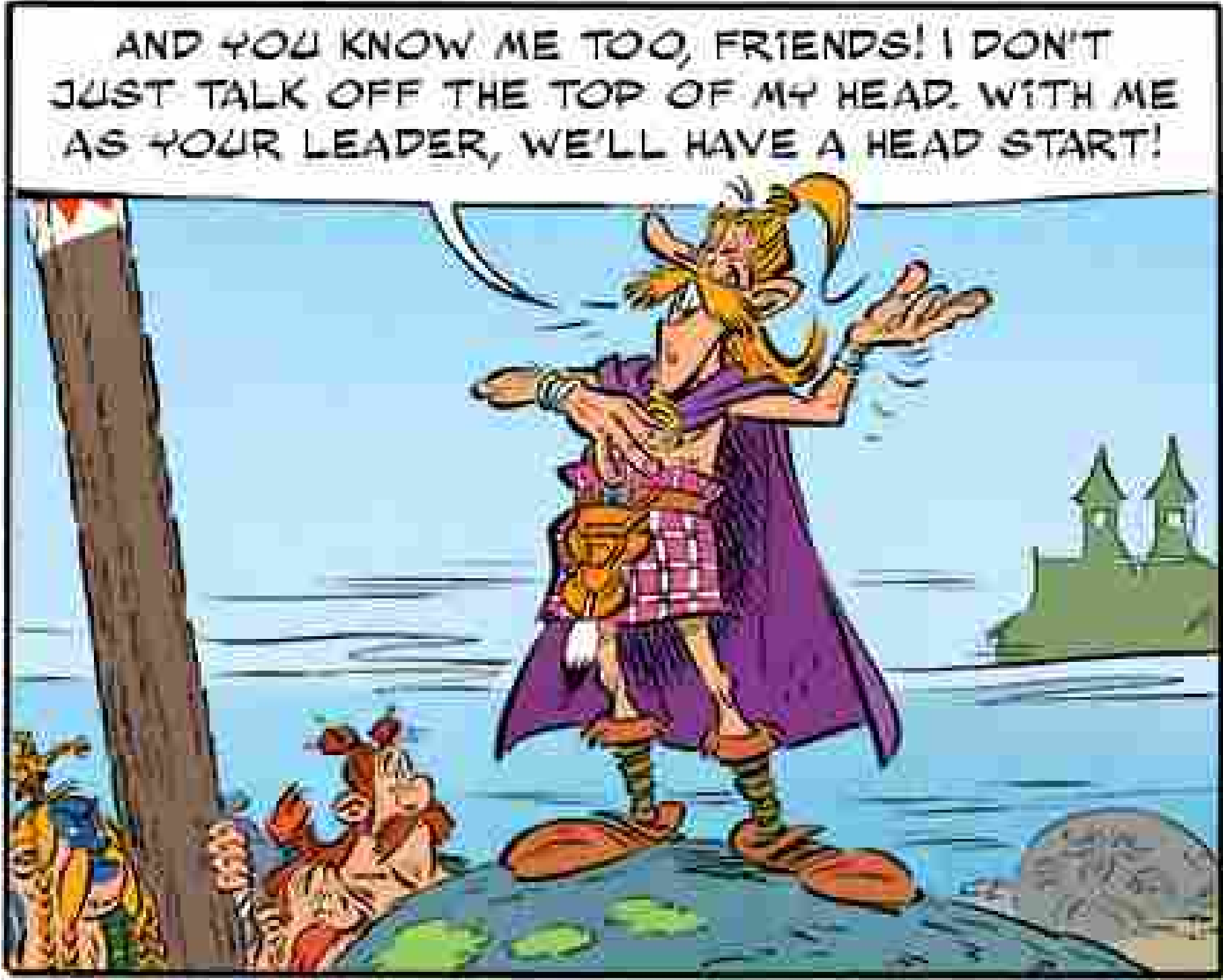


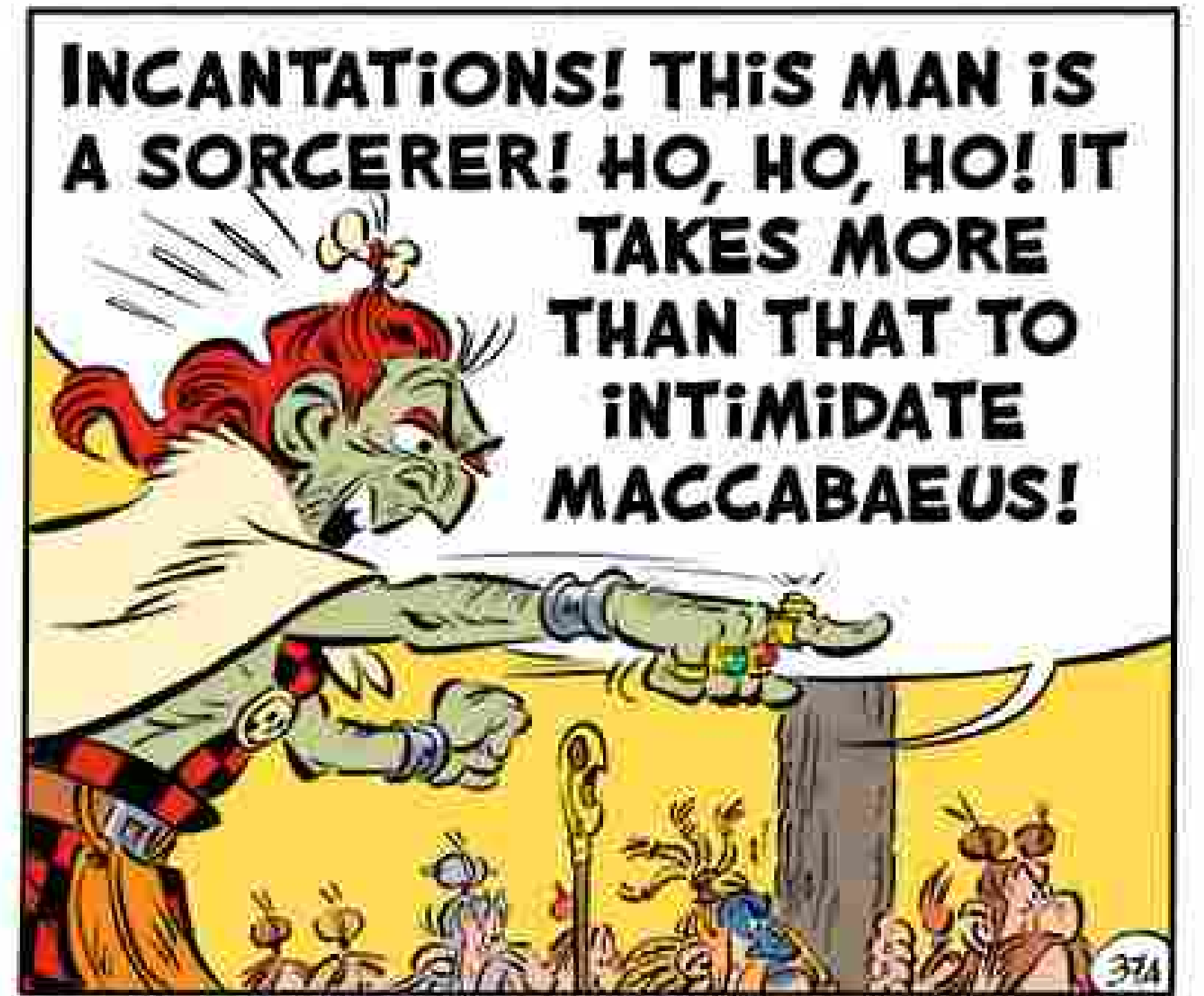
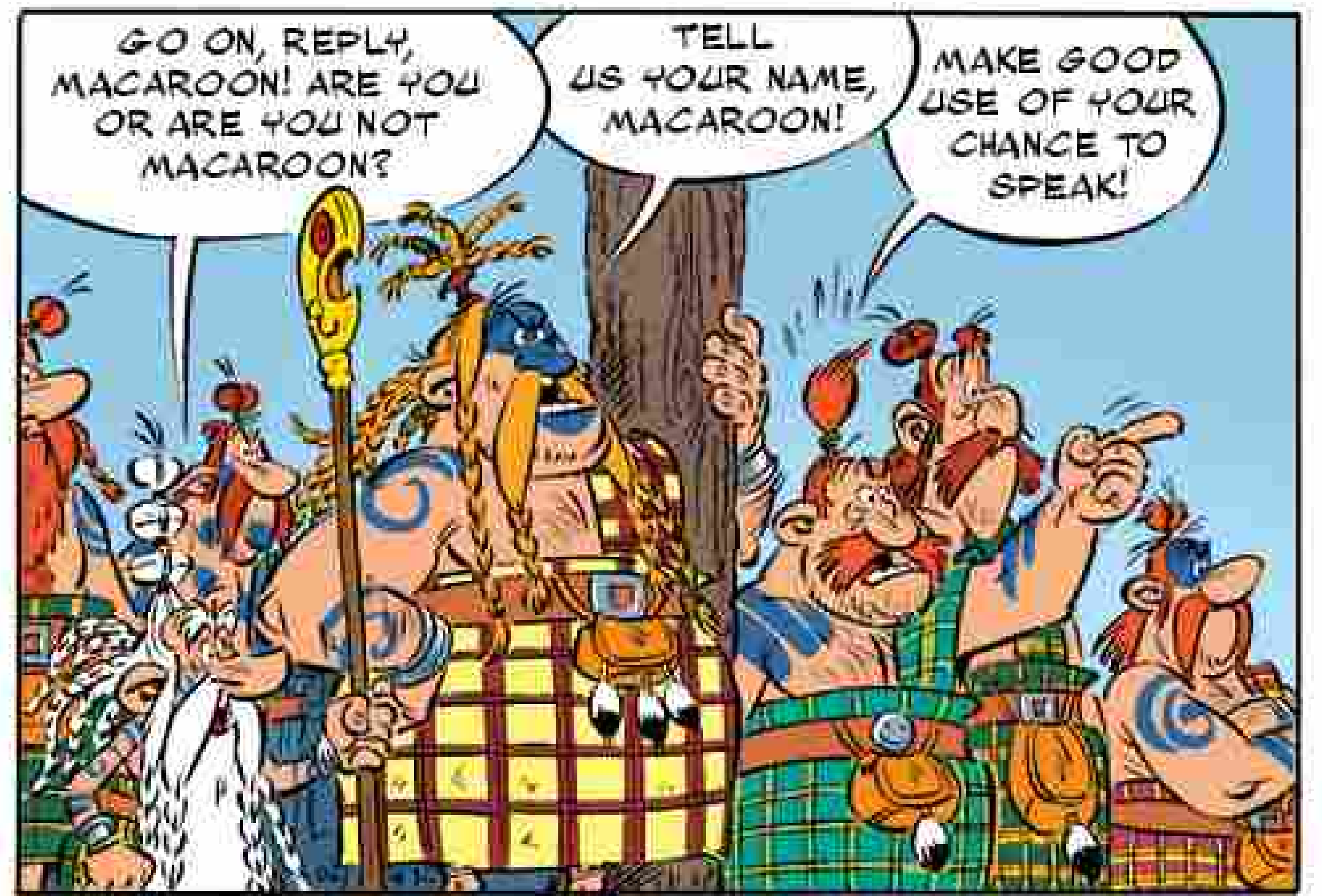
BUT THE ASSEMBLY OF CHIEFTAINS HAS A RIGHT OF VETO.

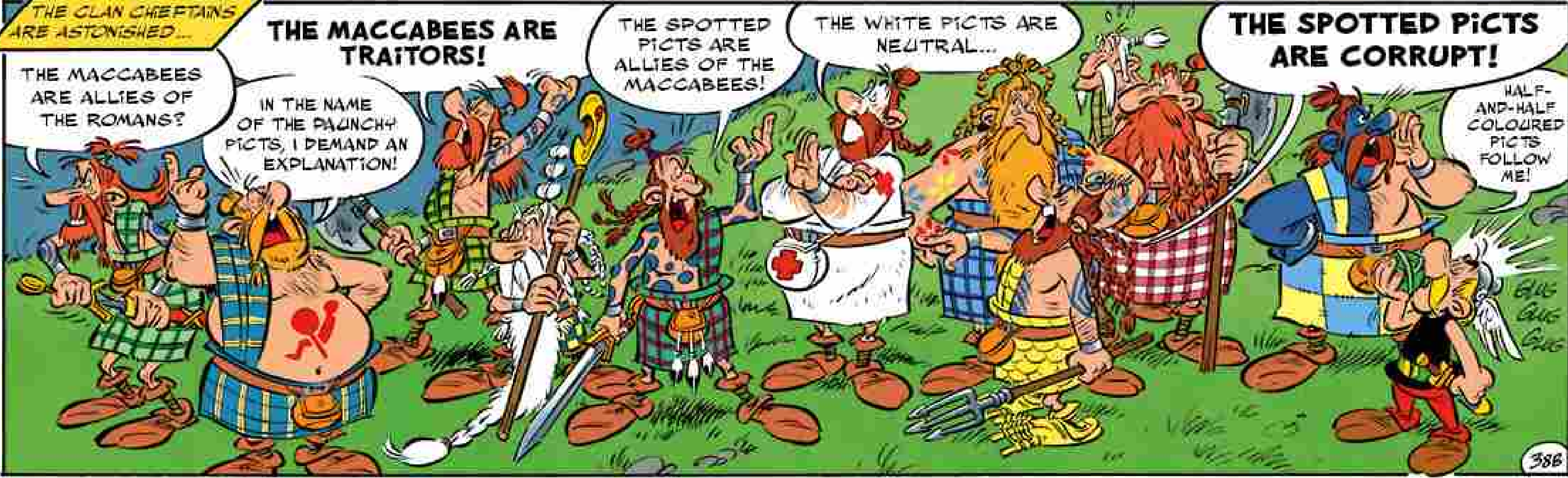
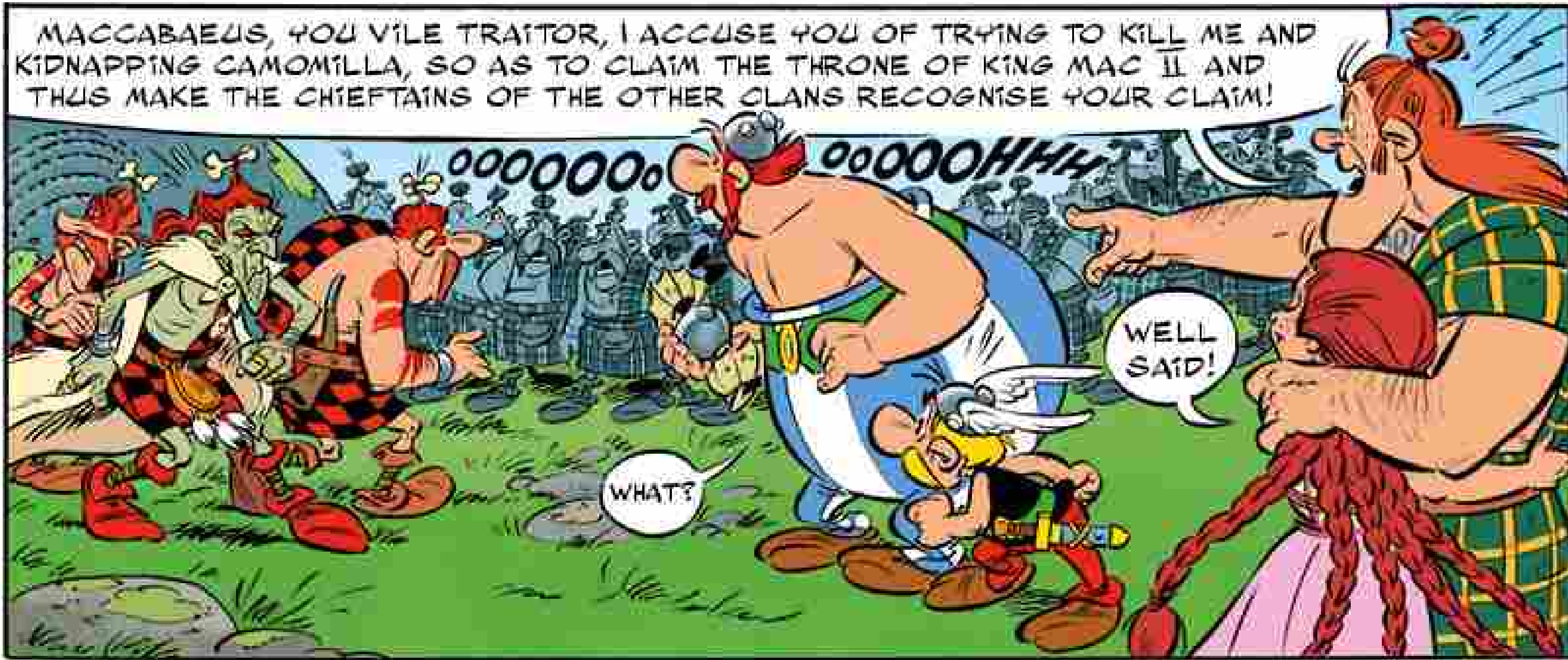
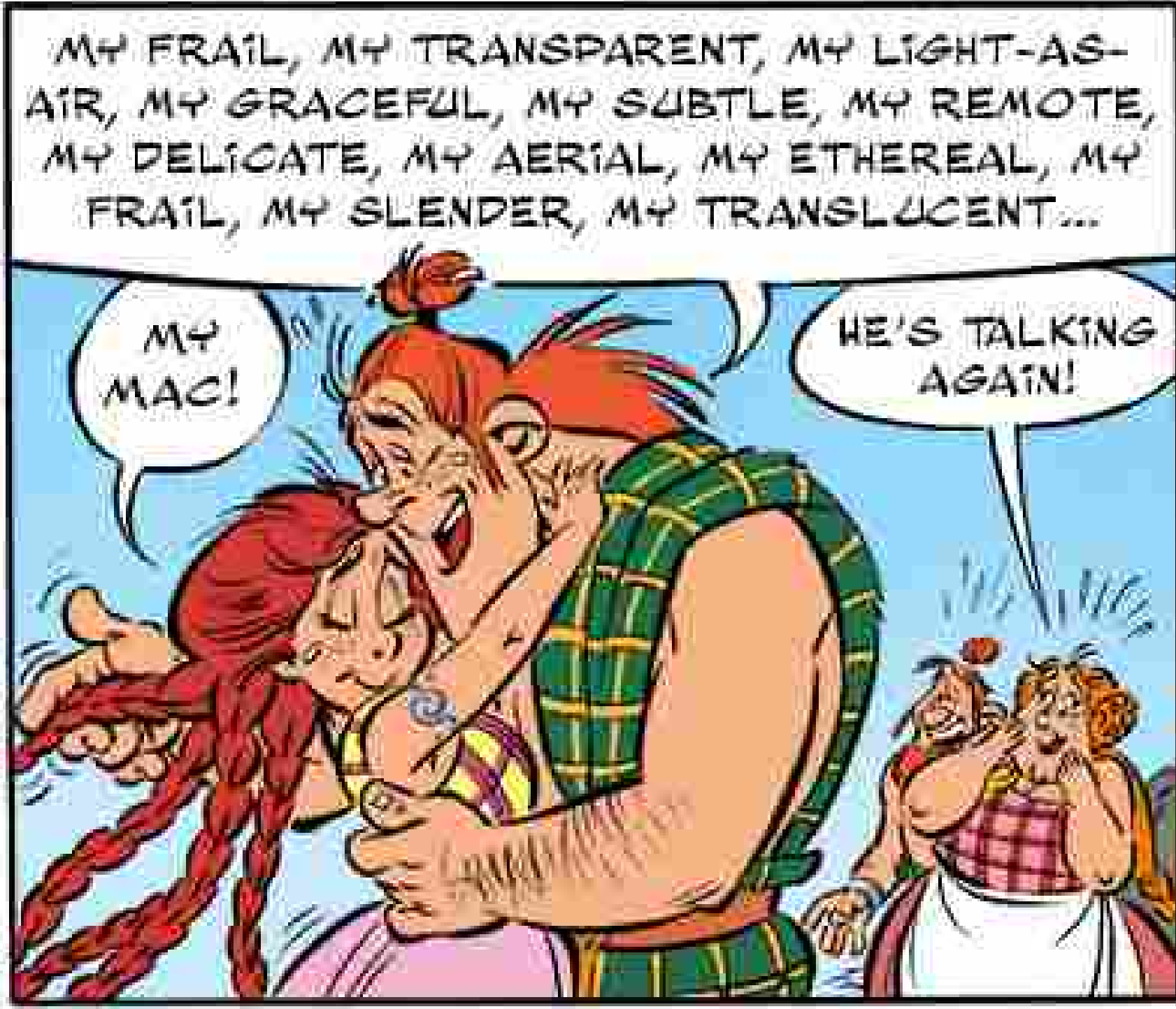


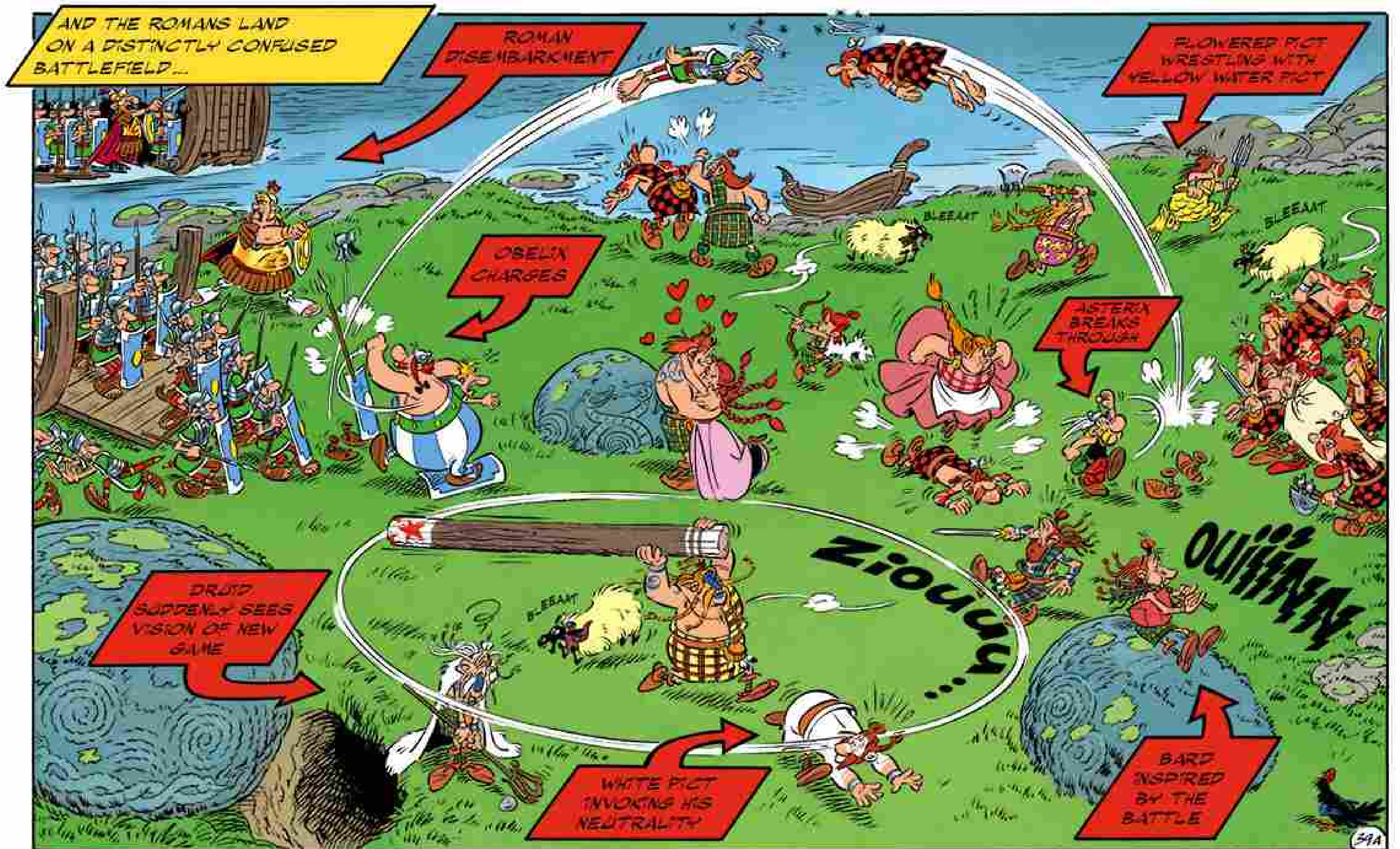
AND EVEN THE PICT NATS FIND IT HEAVY GOING.

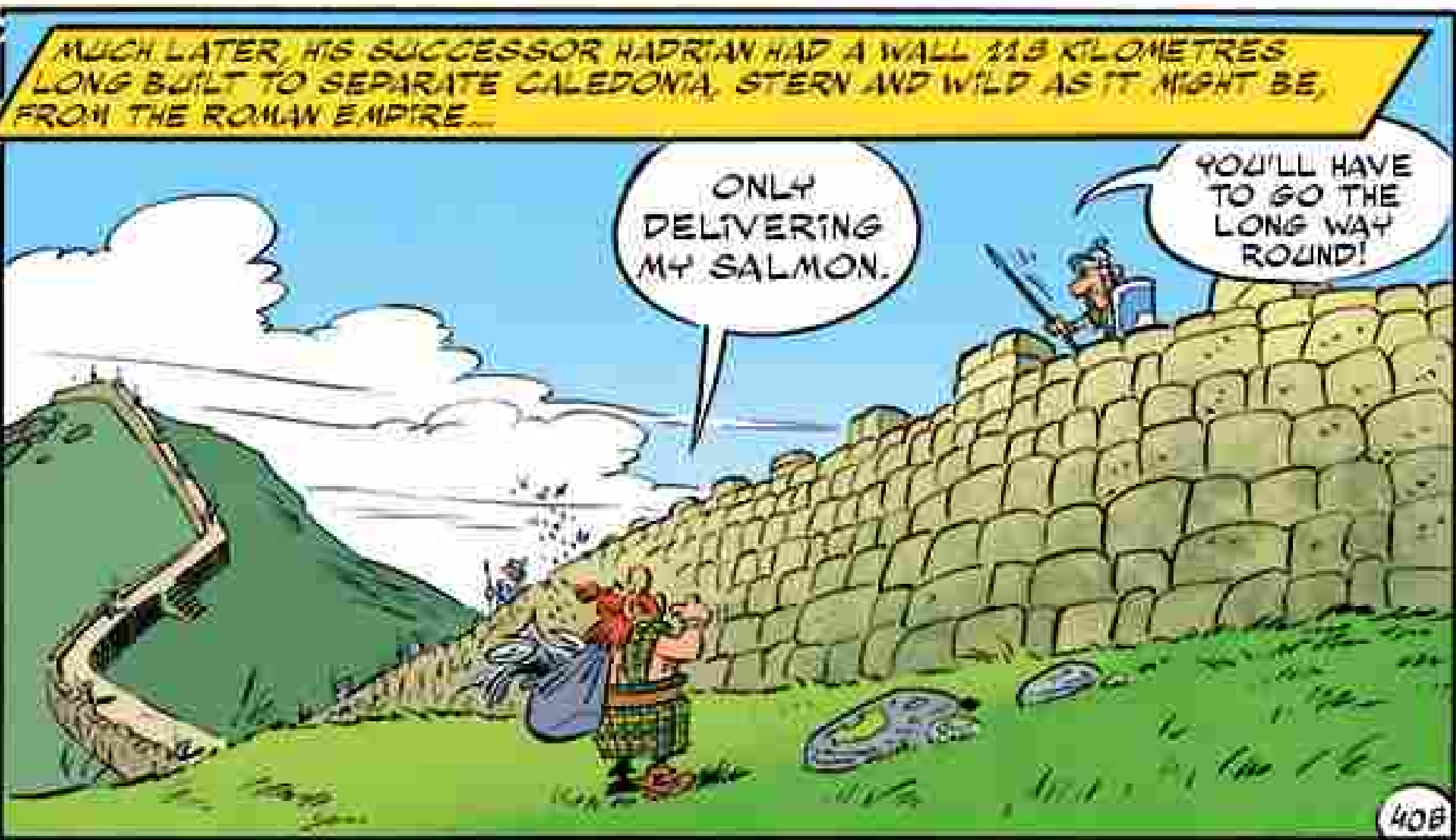
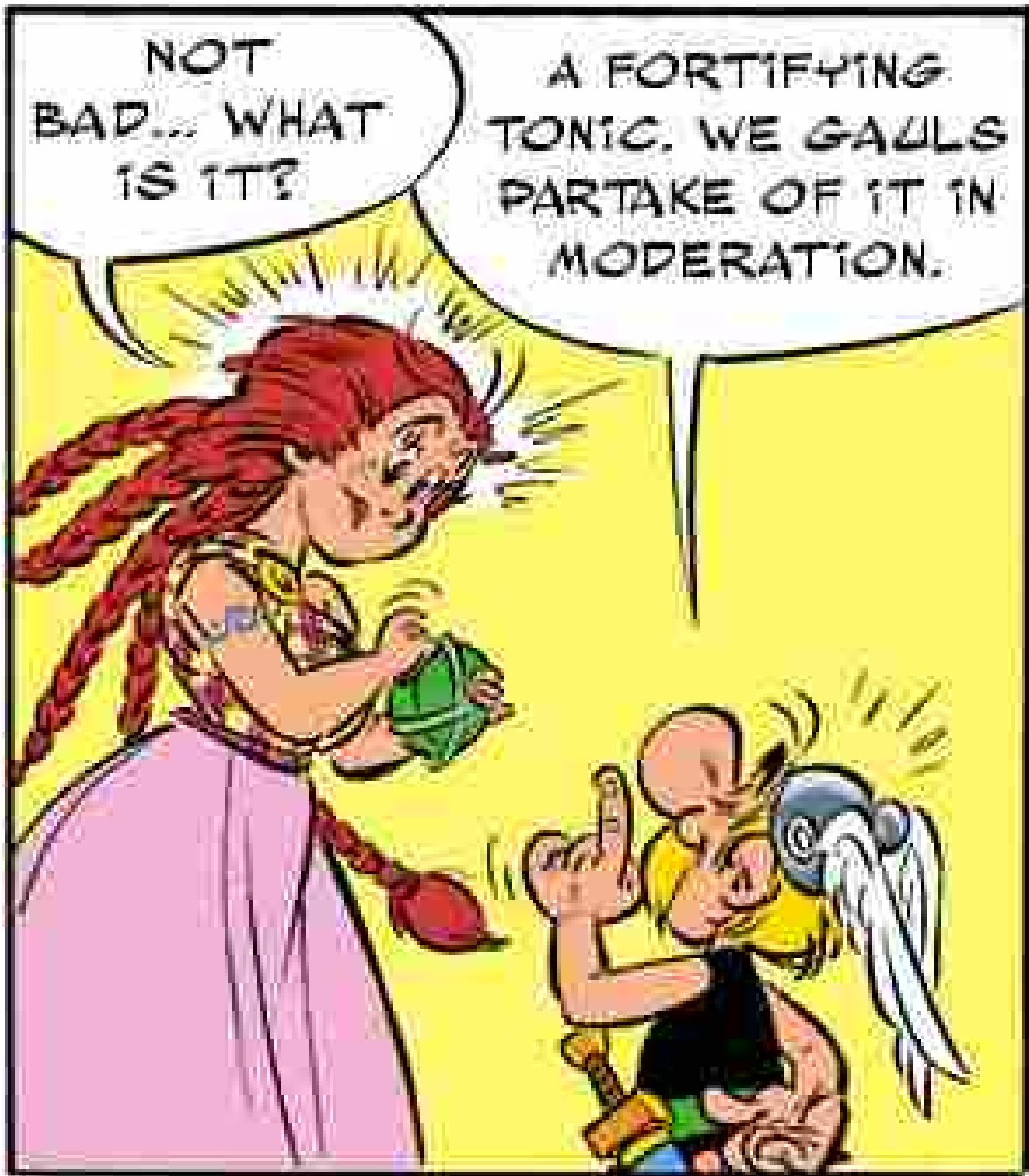
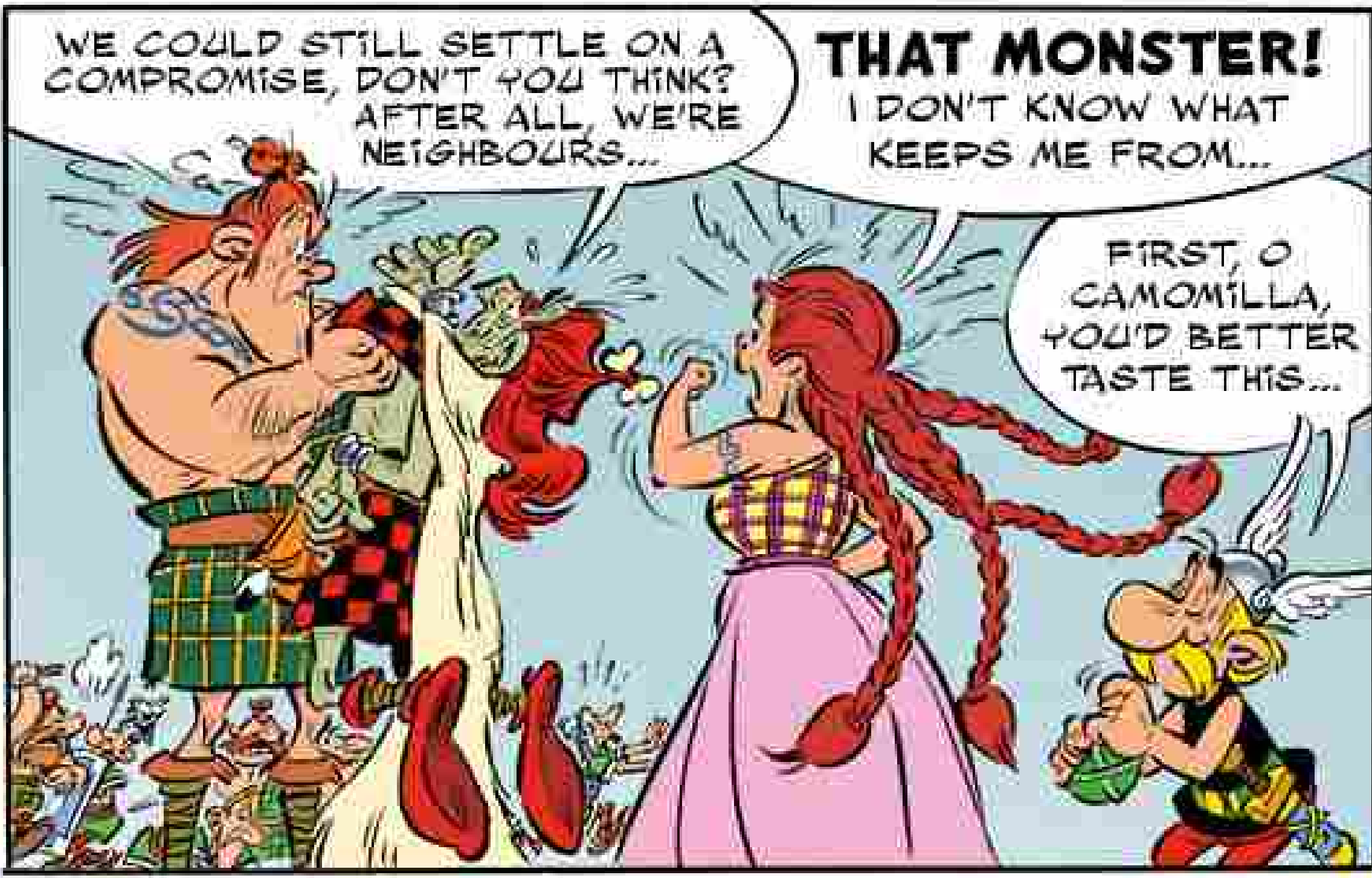


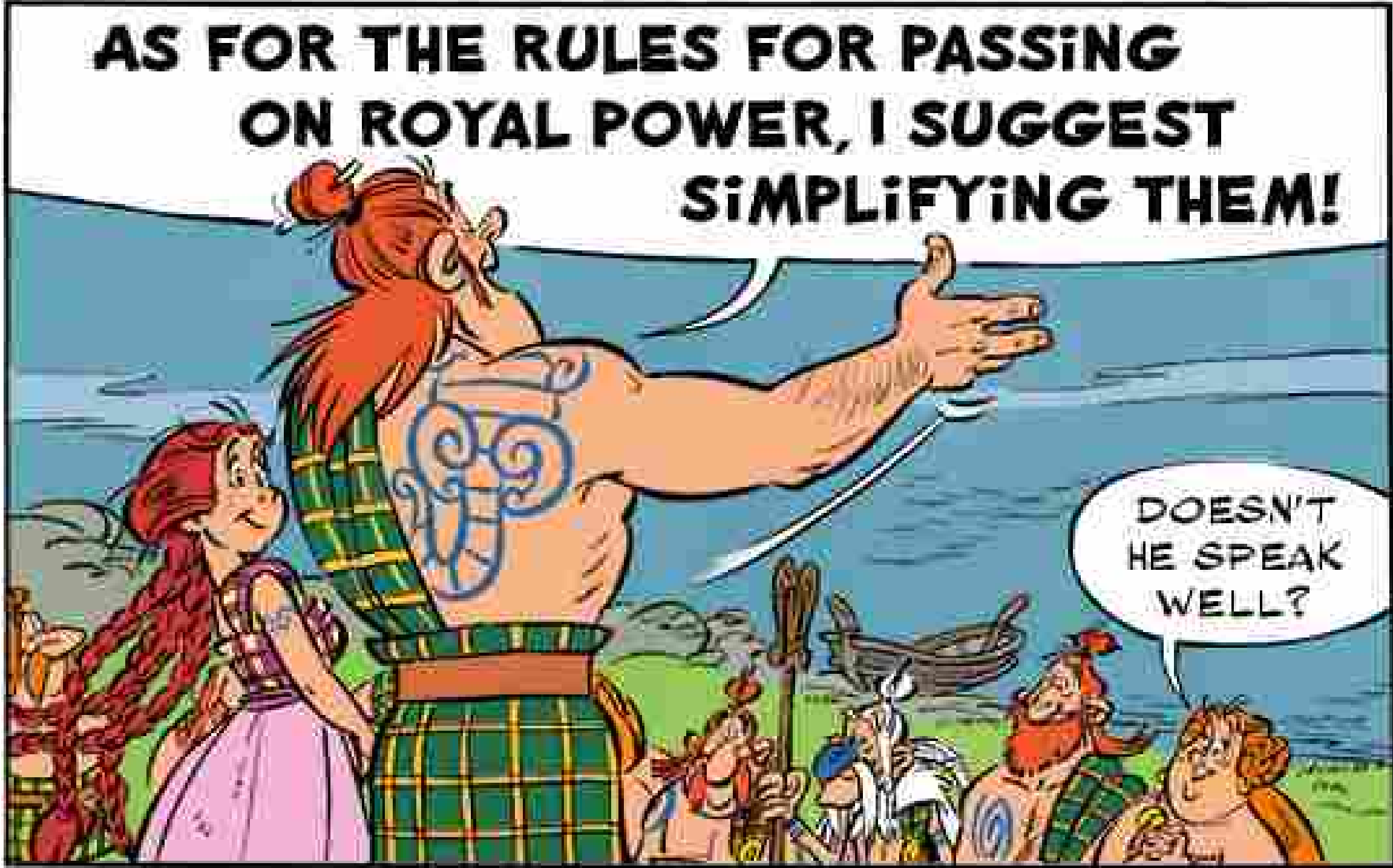
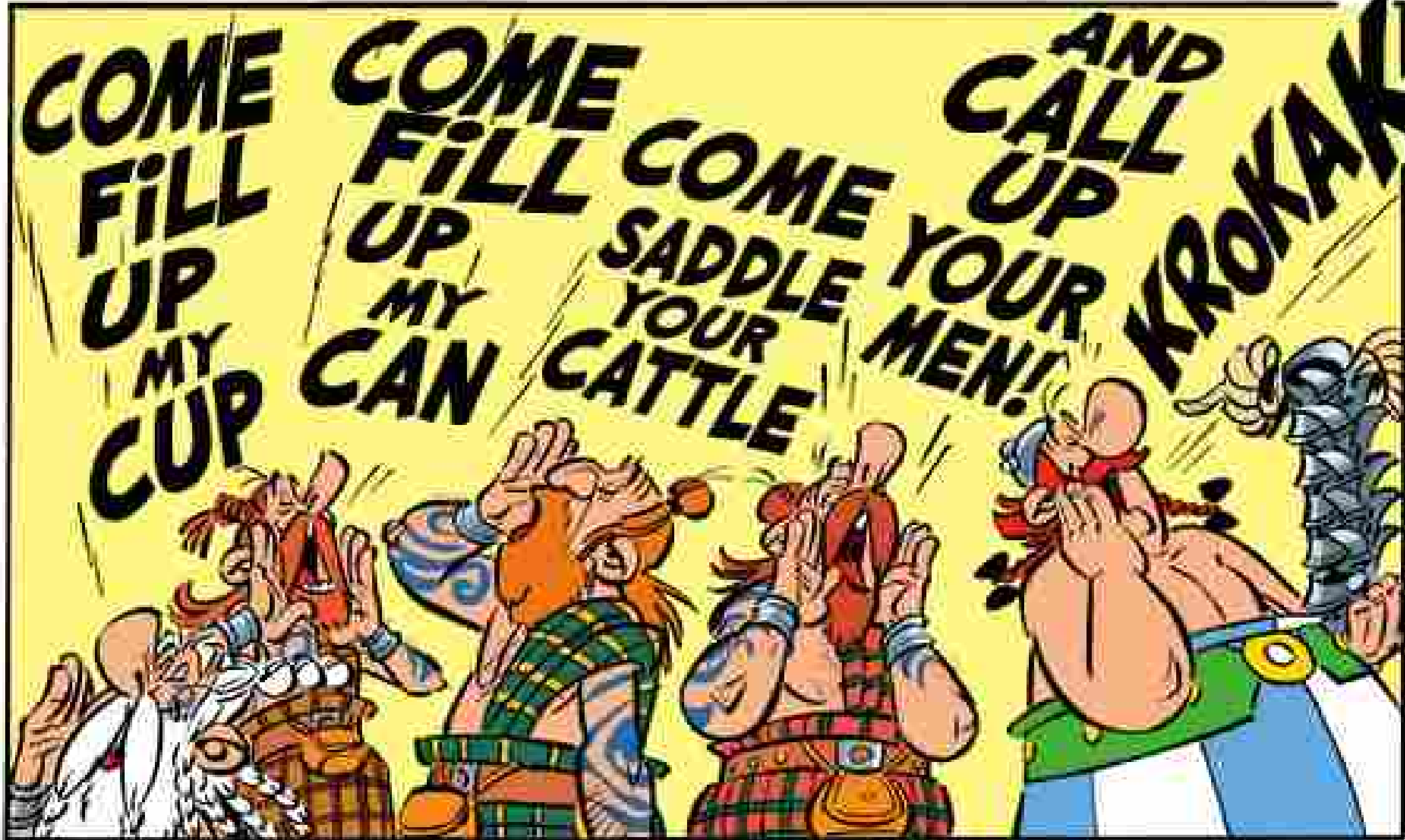


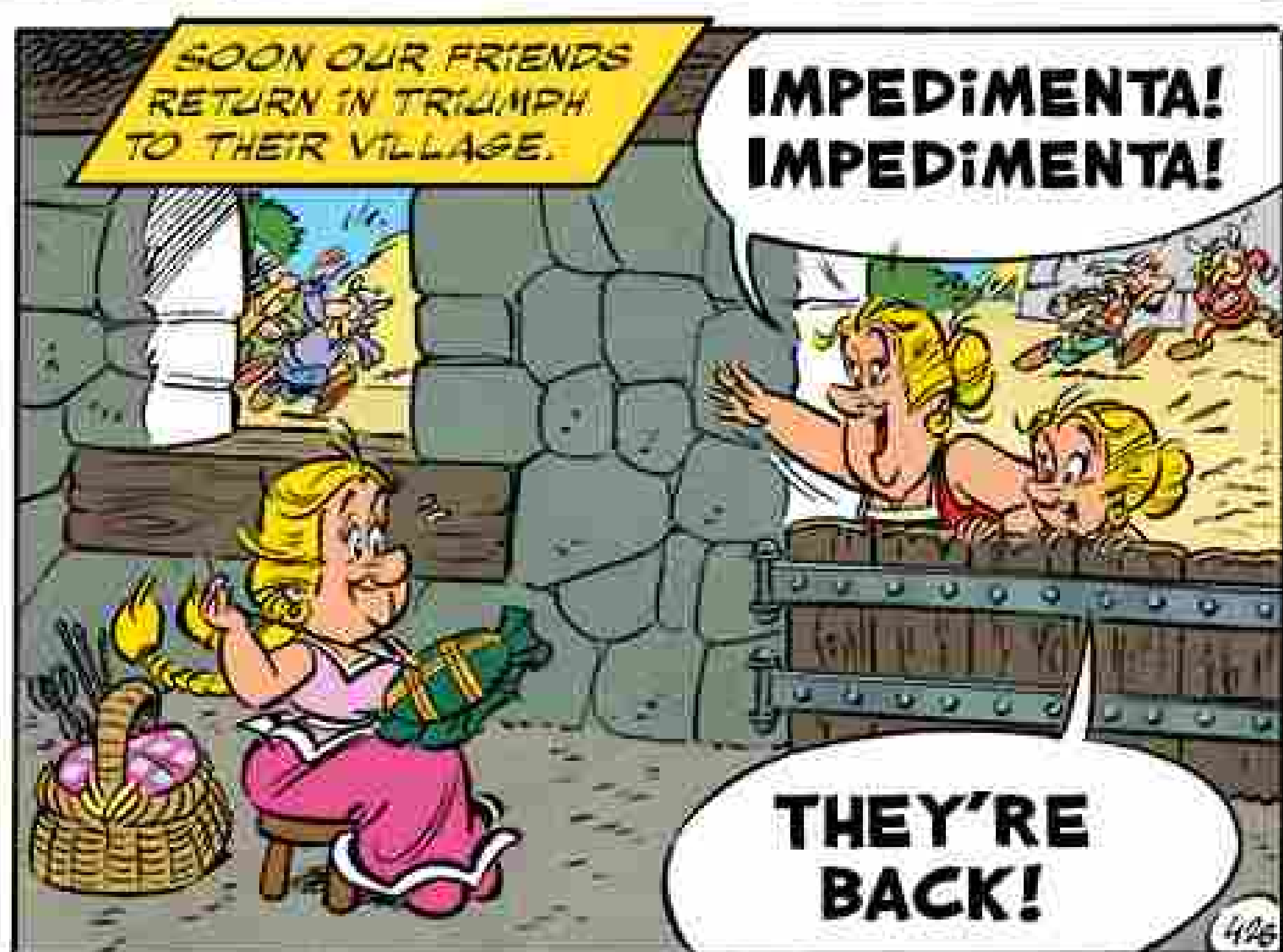
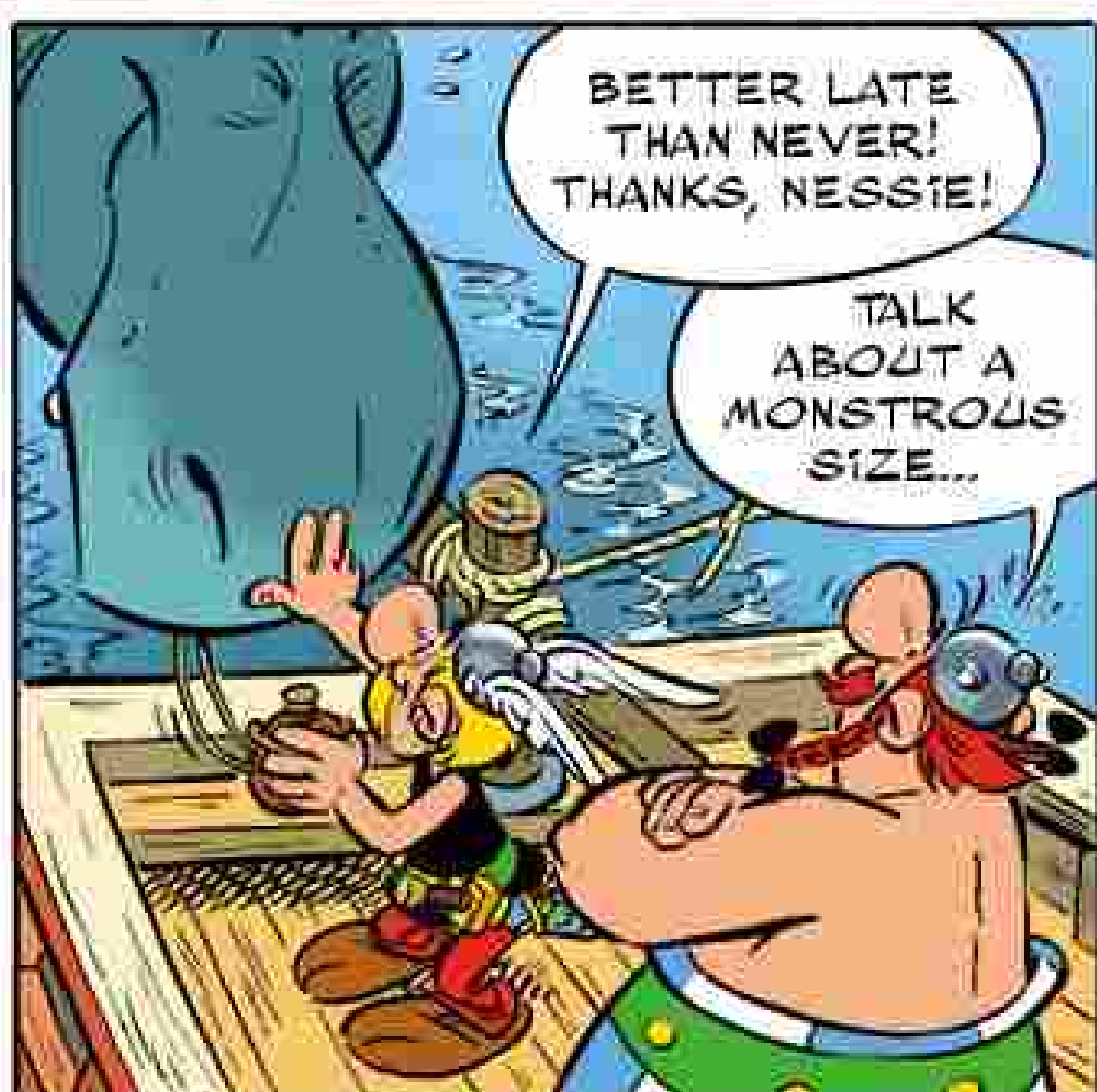
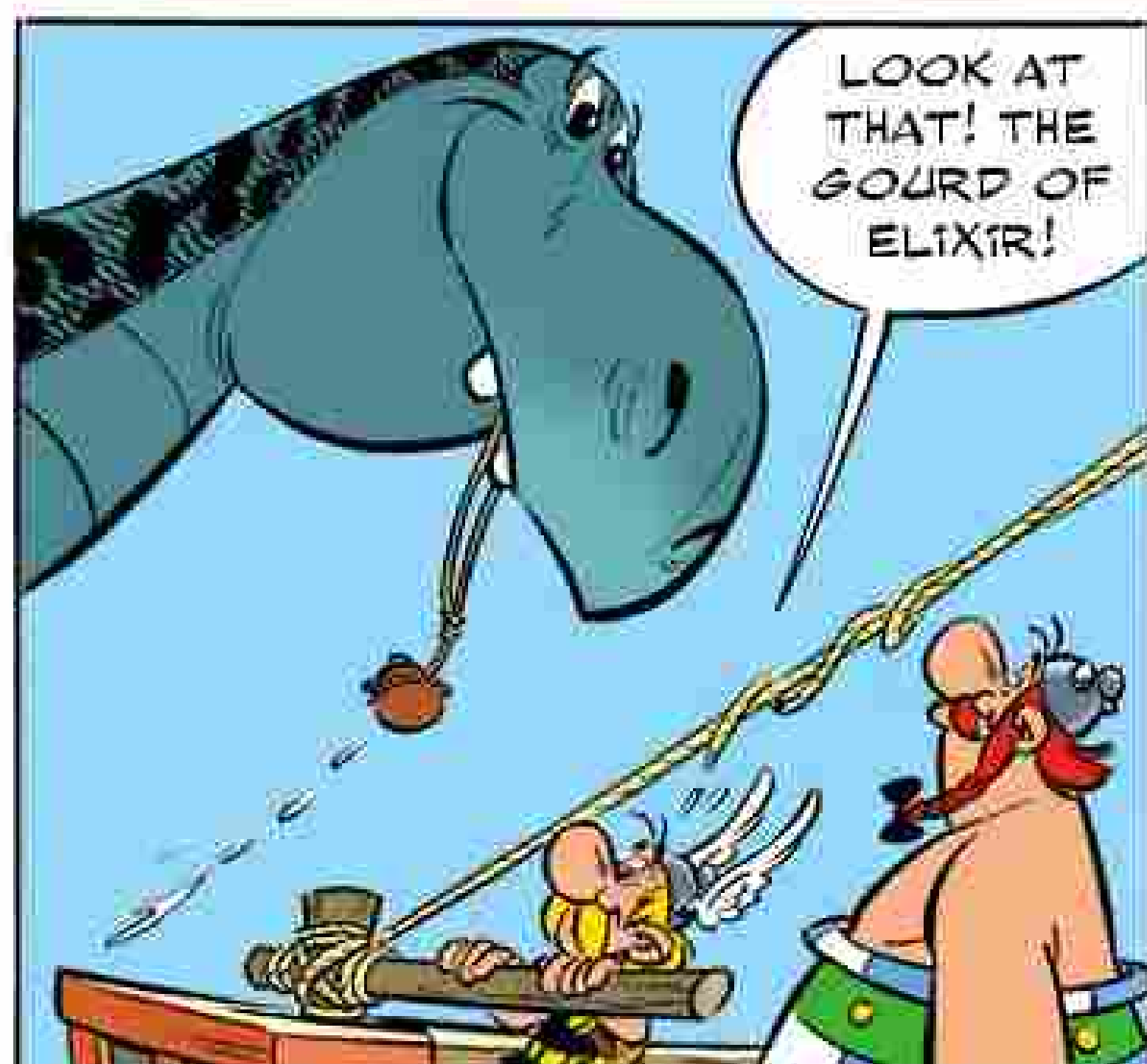
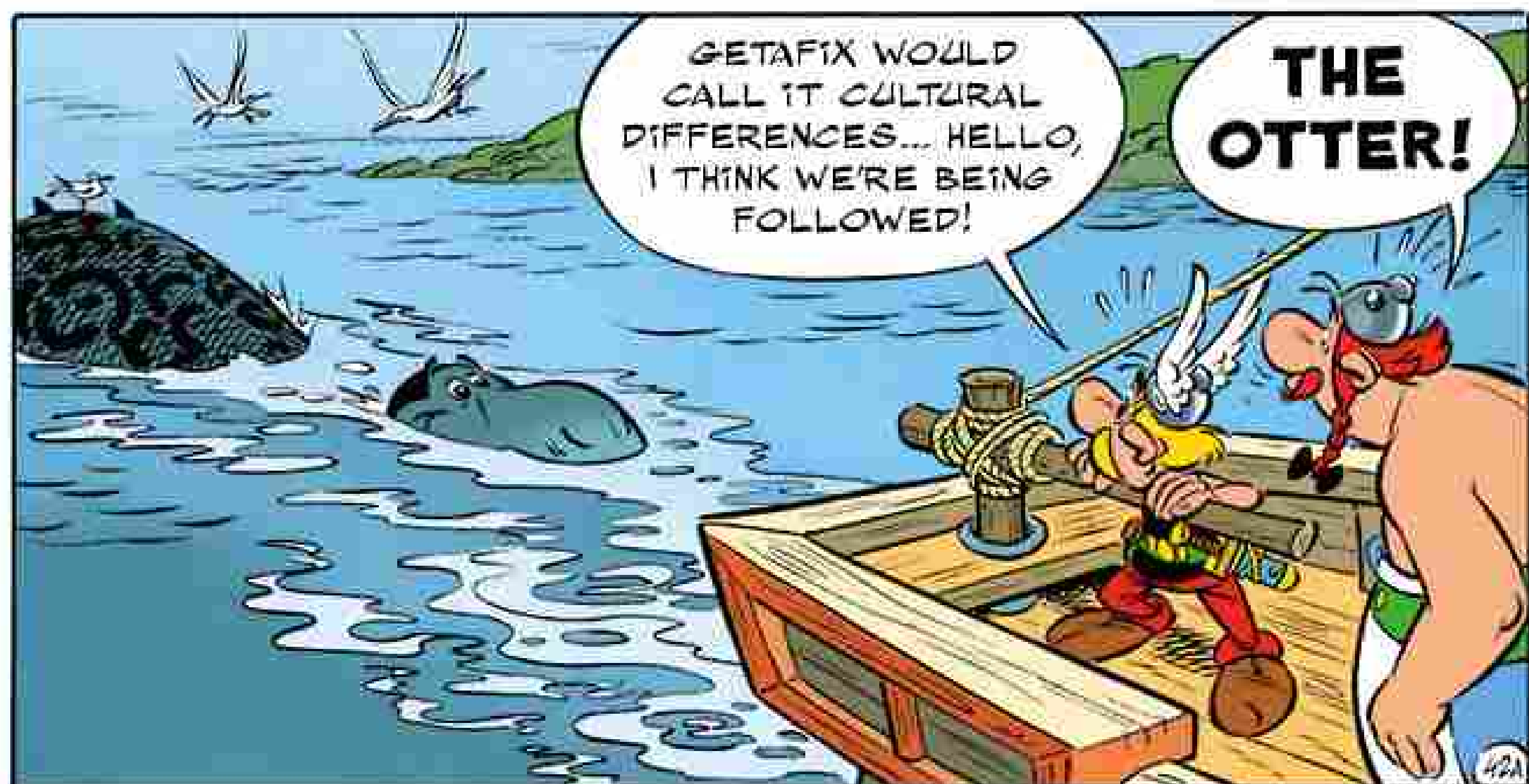


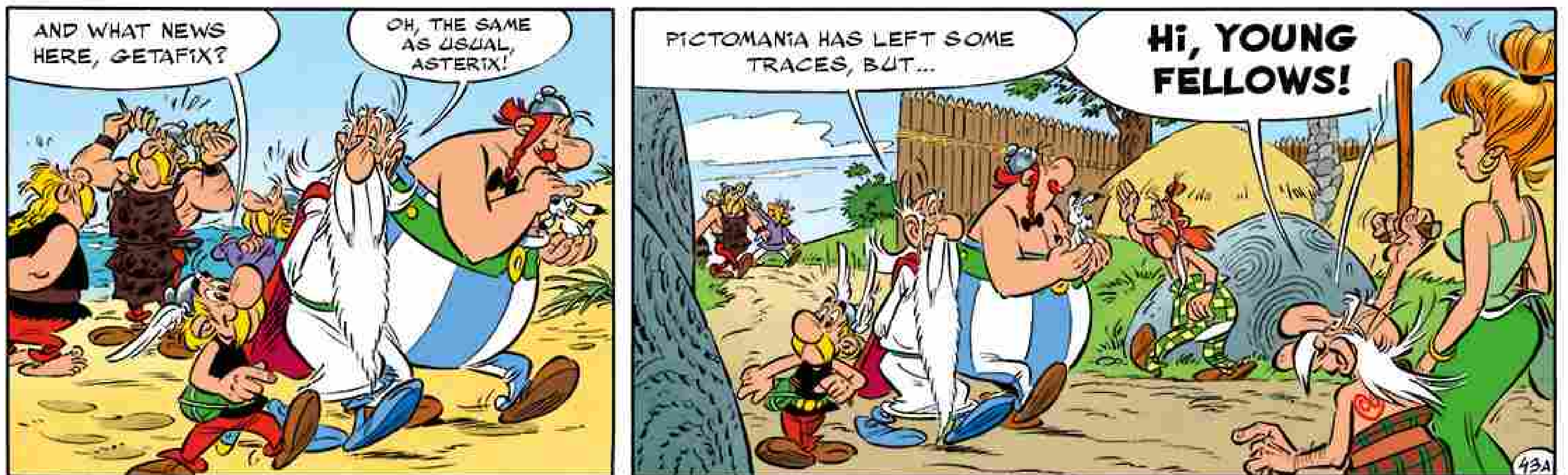












OH, FOR JUPITER'S SAKE! AND NOW WE'LL HAVE TO COUNT THEM ALL AGAIN! HOW IS ANYONE EXPECTED TO TAKE A CENSUS IN A VILLAGE OF MADMEN WHERE THEY KEEP ON MOVING AND DON'T CARE A BIT?



AND I DON'T COUNT FOR ANYTHING!
I'M SICK OF IT!



WE'LL GET A TREE TRUNK, PUT HIM ON IT AND...



OOH, YES!



... AND THIS VERY SIMPLE WAY OF COUNTING ALL THE GAULS, NOW REUNITED, AS OUR CLEVER READERS WILL HAVE GUESSED, IS AT **THE GREAT FINAL BANQUET, BY TOUTATIS!**



FERRI + CONRAD



I FEEL
A BIT WEAK,
GETAFIX ...

NO, OBELIX! YOU
ARE NOT HAVING ANY MAGIC
POTION! YOU KNOW VERY WELL
YOU FELL INTO THE CALDRON
WHEN YOU WERE A BABY, AND
IT HAD A PERMANENT
EFFECT ON YOU!



When Asterix and Obelix rescue a mysterious Pict named MacAroon, they must journey to Caledonia, now Scotland, to return him to his lady love, Camomilla, the adopted daughter of the old king. However, the treacherous chieftain, MacCabaeus, plans to marry her and claim the throne – with the help of the Romans! What with caber-tossing, bagpipes, malted water and an enormous otter in the loch, can the Gauls reunite MacAroon and Camomilla and enjoy some Roman-bashing along the way?

